FAT AND SLAT

NO. TWO

— Ed Wheelan's FAMOUS COMEDIANS

# FAT and SLAT

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

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# *Another Message From*

**Ed Wheelan ... the originator of FAT and SLAT!**

Dear Boys and Girls:

Since it's impossible for me to write personally to each one of you, this is my way of saying "**thank you**" for the wonderful reception you gave the first issue of **FAT and SLAT!**

But I don't want to take up too much of your time, because I'm sure you'll be anxious to find out all about the big **FAT and SLAT "GAG" CONTEST!** The details are below, and on the last page of this book. I'm sure it's going to be a real lollapalooza ... with fun for all and swell prizes for the lucky winners!

Your friend,

Ed Wheelan -

## *HURRY UP, KIDS ... GET IN ON THE BIG FAT AND SLAT "GAG" CONTEST!*

So many of you have sent ideas and suggestions to us that we thought it would be a swell idea to run a big, bang-up "gag" contest ... with **50 prizes** for those of you who submit the funniest jokes for your old friends **FAT and SLAT!** Turn to the **last page of the book** for the details of this exciting contest!

Fat and Slat, Fall 1947—Vol. 1, No. 2. Published Quarterly by Fables Publishing Co., Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Application as second class matter pending at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 40c plus 10c postage—total 50c—elsewhere $1.00. Entire contents copyrighted 1947 by M. C. Gaines. Printed in U. S. A.

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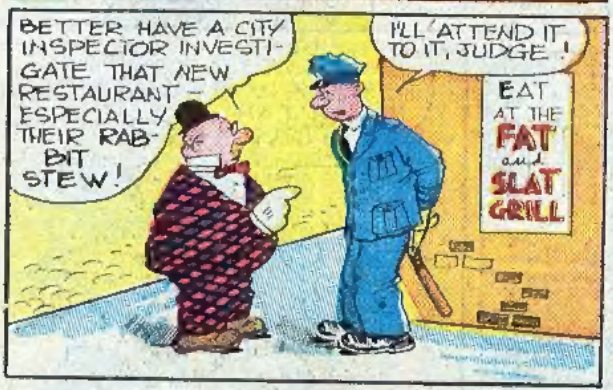
# FAT and SLAT

THIS OUGHT TO BRING IN SOME CUSTOMERS!
RABBIT STEW
FAT AND SLAT GRILL

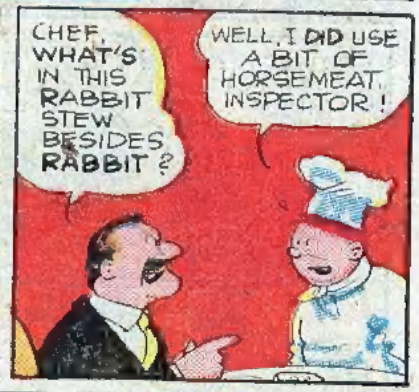
SAY, WAITER, I CAN'T HAND THE CHEF A THING ON HIS RABBIT STEW!
HE'LL BE QUITE UPSET TO HEAR THAT, SIR!


BETTER HAVE A CITY INSPECTOR INVESTIGATE THAT NEW RESTAURANT ESPECIALLY THEIR RABBIT STEW!
I'LL ATTEND IT TO IT, JUDGE!
EAT AT THE FAT and SLAT GRILL

HEY, JOE, - A COMPLAINT ABOUT THE FAT AND SLAT GRILL DOWN THE STREET!
OKAY, MIKE, I'LL HAVE A MEAL THERE AND THEN INSPECT THE JOINT!

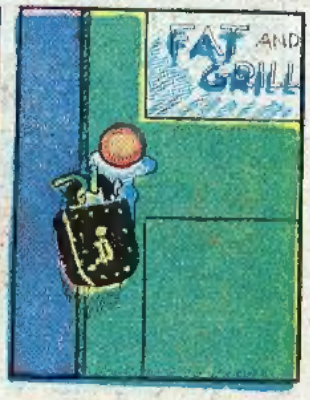
DO YOU CALL THIS "RABBIT STEW"? I'M A CITY INSPECTOR! WHERE'S YOUR CHEF? TELL HIM I WANT TO SEE HIM!
Y-YES, S-SIR!

HOLY SMOKE! IT'S A FOOD INSPECTOR, FAT, AND HE WANTS TO SEE YOU!!
OH-OH!


CHEF, WHAT'S IN THIS RABBIT STEW BESIDES RABBIT?
WELL, I DID USE A BIT OF HORSEMEAT, INSPECTOR!

OH, YEAH? HOW MUCH HORSEMEAT?!
WELL-ER-I'D SAY ABOUT FIFTY-FIFTY, SIR-

ONE HORSE AND ONE RABBIT!!
!?!

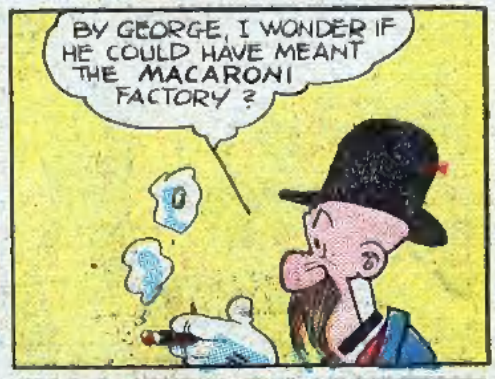

FAT AND SLAT GRILL

# FAT AND SLAT

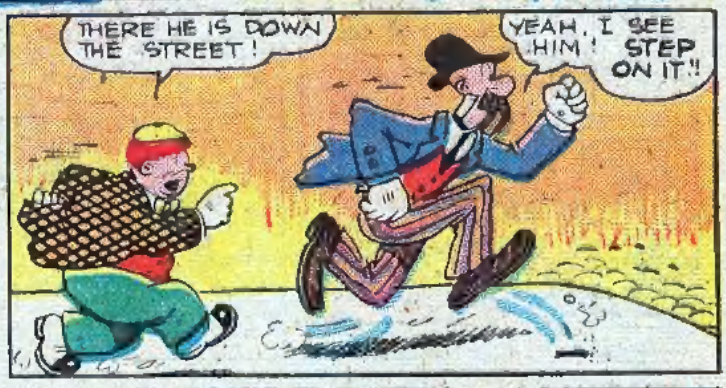
PARDON MISTER, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE SPAGHETTI FACTORY IS ?
SORRY, STRANGER, - I NEVER EVEN HEARD OF IT !

EXCUSE PLEASE, WHERE WILL I FIND THE SPAGHETTI FACTORY?
SEARCH ME, BROTHER!

HELLO, SLAT, DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE SPAGHETTI FACTORY IS ? SOME GUY WANTED ME TO TELL HIM !
SAY, THAT'S FUNNY, FAT ! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE SAME GUY WHO ASKED ME THAT QUESTION !!


BY GEORGE, I WONDER IF HE COULD HAVE MEANT THE MACARONI FACTORY ?

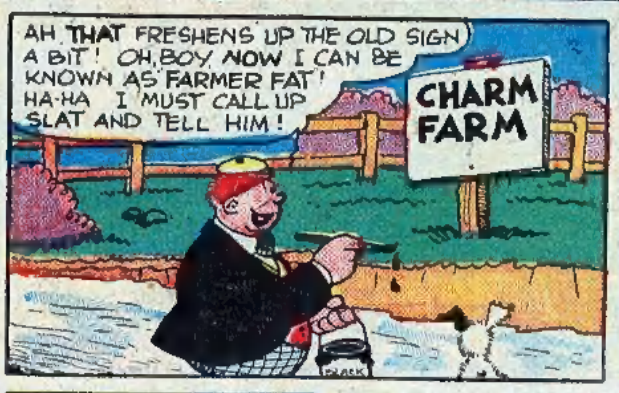
SAY, YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, BOY !
I BELIEVE I HAVE, SO COME ON, LET'S FIND HIM !

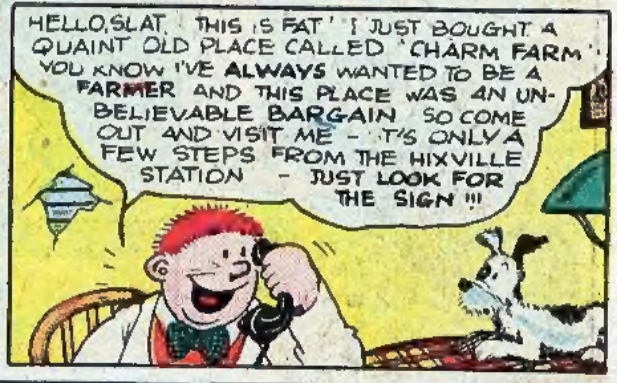

THERE HE IS DOWN THE STREET !
YEAH, I SEE HIM ! STEP ON IT !!

SAY, MISTER, ABOUT THAT SPAGHETTI FACTORY — DON'T YOU MEAN THE MACARONI FACTORY ?
AH, YES, - SO I DO ! TELL ME PLEASE WHERE IS THE MACARONI FACTORY !
SURE, THE MACARONI FACTORY !

OH, WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT IS, EITHER !!
PLOP !

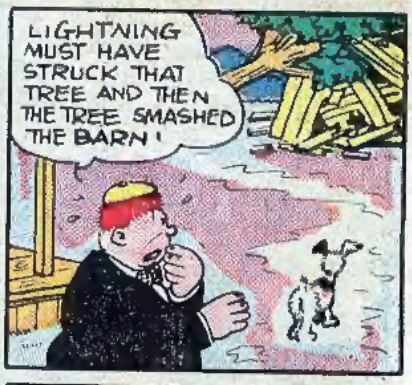
# FAT and SLAT

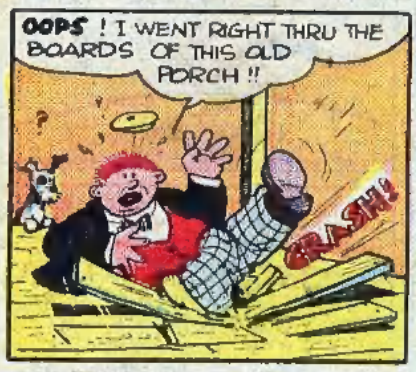

AH THAT FRESHENS UP THE OLD SIGN A BIT! OH, BOY NOW I CAN BE KNOWN AS FARMER FAT! HA-HA I MUST CALL UP SLAT AND TELL HIM!
CHARM FARM

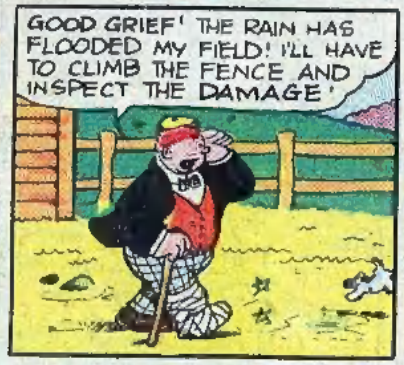

HELLO, SLAT. THIS IS FAT! I JUST BOUGHT A QUAINT OLD PLACE CALLED 'CHARM FARM'. YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A FARMER AND THIS PLACE WAS AN UNBELIEVABLE BARGAIN SO COME OUT AND VISIT ME - IT'S ONLY A FEW STEPS FROM THE HIXVILLE STATION - JUST LOOK FOR THE SIGN !!!

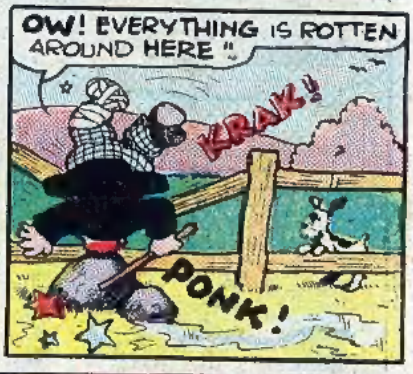
THAT NIGHT.
HOLY CAT. THE ROOF LEAKS!
SPLAP

BLAMP!
OH, WHAT A STORM!

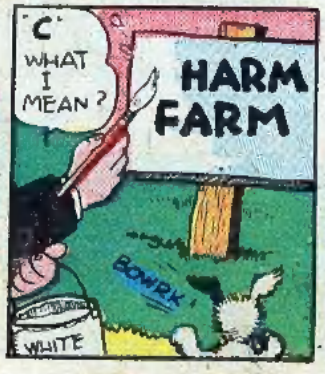

LIGHTNING MUST HAVE STRUCK THAT TREE AND THEN THE TREE SMASHED THE BARN!

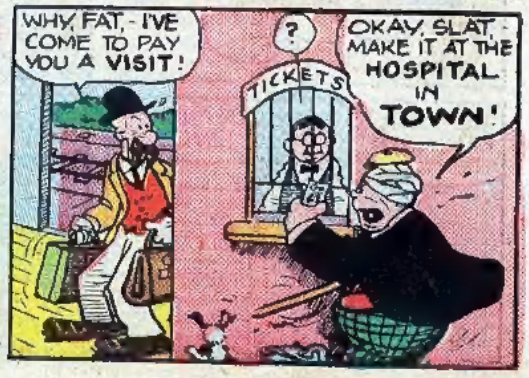

OOPS! I WENT RIGHT THRU THE BOARDS OF THIS OLD PORCH!!
CRASH!


GOOD GRIEF! THE RAIN HAS FLOODED MY FIELD! I'LL HAVE TO CLIMB THE FENCE AND INSPECT THE DAMAGE!


OW! EVERYTHING IS ROTTEN AROUND HERE!!
KRAK!
PONK!

I'M CURED, BUT I'M GOING TO FIX THAT PHONEY SIGN BEFORE I LEAVE, "BIG SHOT"!
?
WHITE


"C" WHAT I MEAN?
HARM FARM
BOWRK
WHITE


WHY, FAT, - I'VE COME TO PAY YOU A VISIT!
?
TICKETS
OKAY, SLAT, - MAKE IT AT THE HOSPITAL IN TOWN!

Fat and Slat

LISTEN, FAT DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK HOW LITTLE YOU AND I HAVE IN COMMON. I'M TALL AND THIN, YOU'RE SHORT AND FAT; I'M MARRIED, YOU'RE SINGLE; I'M SMART, YOU'RE DUMB! FUNNY AIN'T IT, PAL ?!
GEE, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT, SLAT!
?

YES, SIR! WE DON'T HAVE A THING IN COMMON AND YET WE'RE THE BEST PALS IN THE WORLD, AIN'T WE PAL ?!!
YES, PAL, WE SURE ARE, PAL, BUT-
?

YOU'RE EXAGGERATING A BIT! WE REALLY HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON, SLAT,- YES, WE SHARE ONE GREAT BIG MAIN IDEA !!
WE DO? GEE, FAT, WHAT IS IT?

I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL AND BOY, HOW YOU AGREE WITH ME !!
!

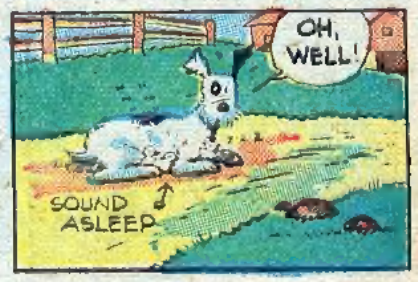
"BIG SHOT"

POOR LI'L CHICKS, YOU'VE LOST YOUR MAMA, HAVEN'T YOU?
PEEP PEEP PEEP

WELL, DON'T WORRY,- I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T FIND HER!
PEEP PEEP PEEP

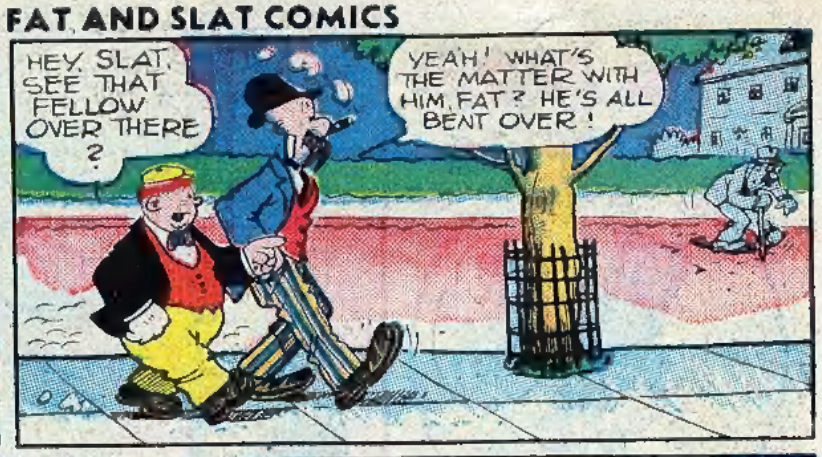
I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER THE FARM FOR THAT OLD HEN BUT IT'S NO USE!

GEE, THOSE POOR LI'L CHICKS MUST BE COLD BY NOW!

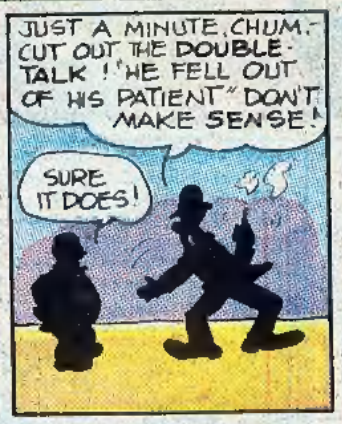

OH, WELL!
SOUND ASLEEP

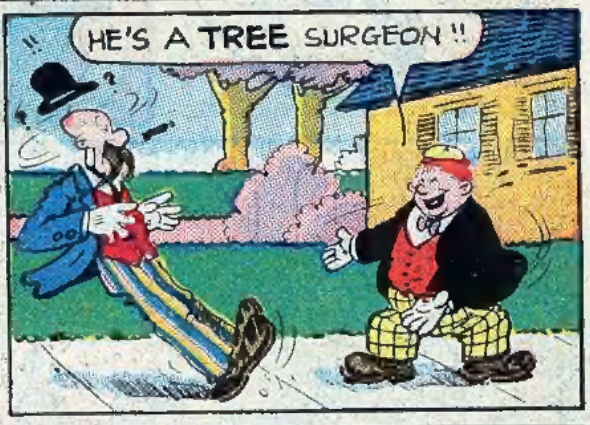
OLD MAN EXPERIENCE
ARE YOU LIKE JOHNNY HOPE, TOO?
$500.00 DOES SEEM AN AWFUL LOT TO PAY FOR OUR NEW BEDROOM FURNITURE, BUT I'VE SET MY HEART ON THAT SUITE WE SAW AT MAPLE BROS, JOHNNY, SO I DO HOPE YOUR PLAN WORKS!!
LEAVE IT TO ME, WIFIE,- I'LL GET A NICE DISCOUNT!
THIS GUY I KNOW WHO WORKS IN THE STORE HAS JUST GOT BACK FROM HIS VACATION HA-HA- AFTER TONIGHT THEY'LL PROBABLY LET US HAVE THE SET AT COST!!
AH, MY FAVORITE CHAMPAGNE! BUT, MR. HOPE, I HAPPEN TO KNOW HOW EXPENSIVE THE 1927 VINTAGE IS! YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T DO THIS FOR ME!!
NONSENSE, JOE,- YOU'RE GOING TO DO ME A BIG FAVOR, SO WHY SHOULDN'T I DO A LITTLE SOMETHING NICE FOR YOU?
GURGLE-GURGLE
SAY, I'VE BEEN CRAZY TO SEE THIS SHOW, MR. HOPE— IT'S THE BIGGEST HIT IN TOWN! HOW DID YOU EVER GET SEATS?
FORGET IT, JOE,- NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU, OLD PAL!!
NEXT DAY.
HELLO, MR. HOPE! THIS IS JOE, DOWN AT MAPLE BROS. - I SAW THE BIG BOSS ABOUT A DISCOUNT ON THAT $500.00 BEDROOM SUITE, AND HE SAYS THAT AS LONG AS YOU ARE A FRIEND OF MINE YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR ONLY $498.00!
GLOOP!
DISCOUNT MOST OF THOSE DISCOUNT PROMISES!!
BILL

FAT
and
SLAT

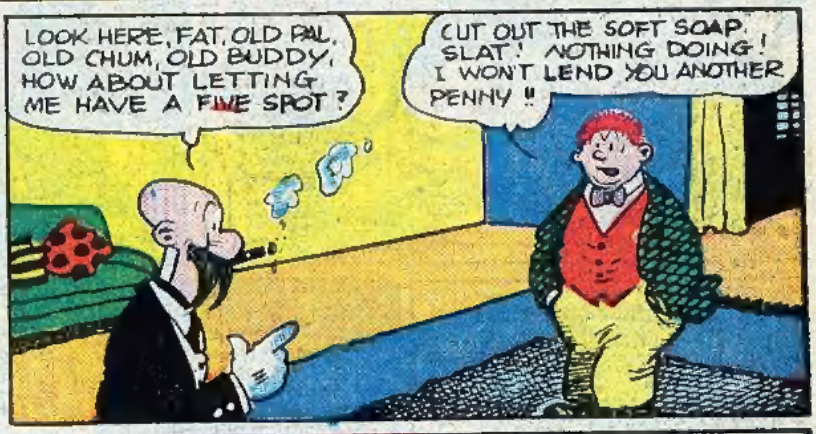

HEY, SLAT, SEE THAT FELLOW OVER THERE ?
YEAH! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM, FAT? HE'S ALL BENT OVER!

POOR GUY! HE FELL OUT OF HIS PATIENT!!


JUST A MINUTE, CHUM.- CUT OUT THE DOUBLE-TALK! "HE FELL OUT OF HIS PATIENT" DON'T MAKE SENSE!
SURE IT DOES!


HE'S A TREE SURGEON!!

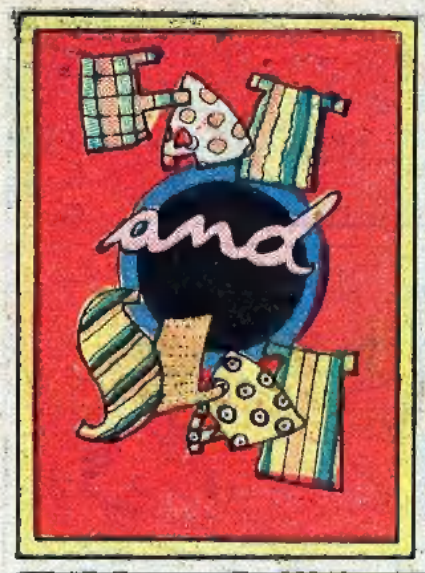
FAT
and
SLAT


LOOK HERE, FAT, OLD PAL, OLD CHUM, OLD BUDDY, HOW ABOUT LETTING ME HAVE A FIVE SPOT?
CUT OUT THE SOFT SOAP, SLAT! NOTHING DOING! I WON'T LEND YOU ANOTHER PENNY!!

IS THAT NICE? WE'RE FRIENDS, AREN'T WE?
SO WHAT?

WELL, SHOULDN'T ONE FRIEND ALWAYS BE WILLING TO HELP OUT THE OTHER?

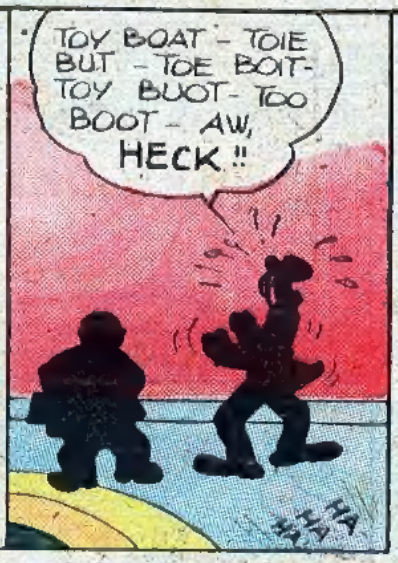
NOT WHEN ONE OF THEM ALWAYS INSISTS ON BEING THE "OTHER"!!
!?!

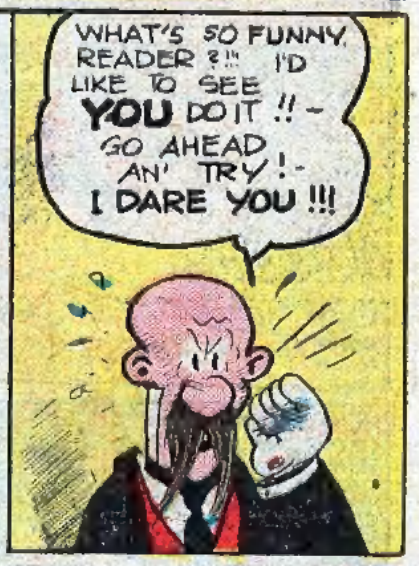

Fat
and
Slat

HA-HA. FAT, I'VE GOT A GREAT TONGUE-TWISTER FOR YOU TODAY! LET'S HEAR YOU SAY 5 TIMES IN SUCCESSION VERY FAST "PURE FOOD FOR POOR MULES"!!
OKAY, SLAT!

PURE FOOD FOR POOR MULES - PURE FOOD FOR POOR MULES - PURE FOOD FOR POOR MULES - PURE FOOD FOR POOR MULES - PURE FOOD FOR POOR MULES! HOW'S THAT? HA-HA!!
?!

NOW I'LL GIVE YOU A MUCH SIMPLER ONE, SLAT, OLD BOY! JUST SAY "TOY BOAT" VERY FAST 5 TIMES!
HO- THAT'S A CINCH!


TOY BOAT - TOIE BUT - TOE BOIT - TOY BUOT - TOO BOOT - AW, HECK!!
HA


WHAT'S SO FUNNY, READER?!! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU DO IT!! - GO AHEAD AN' TRY! - I DARE YOU!!!

Big Shot

JUMPIN' JEEPERS!!

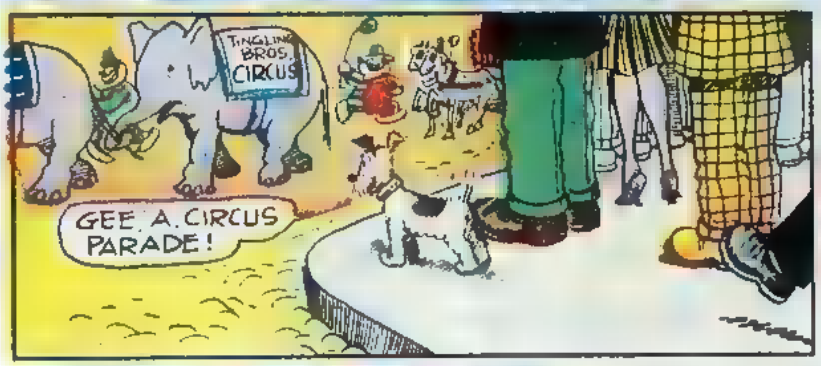
THAT POOR LI'L KITTEN WILL BE RUN OVER AND KILLED!

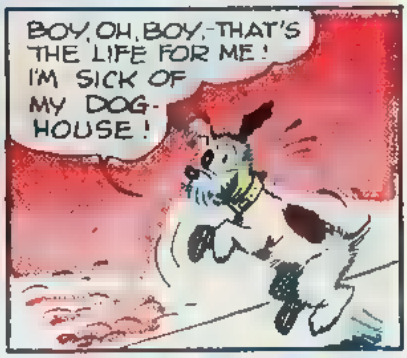
I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!
?

ZIP!

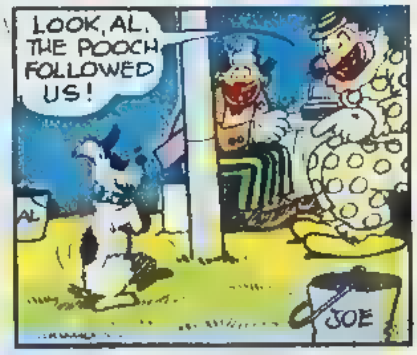
WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! GOSH, HOW I HATE CATS!!
?

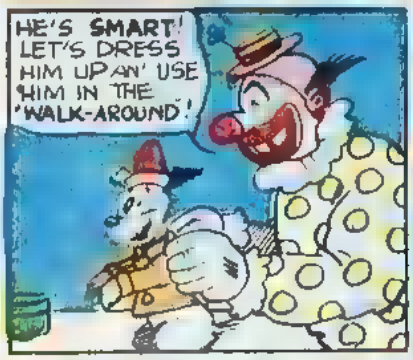
BIG SHOT

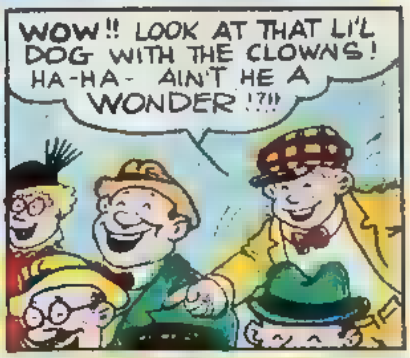

TINGLING BROS. CIRCUS
GEE, A CIRCUS PARADE!


BOY, OH, BOY,-THAT'S THE LIFE FOR ME! I'M SICK OF MY DOG-HOUSE!

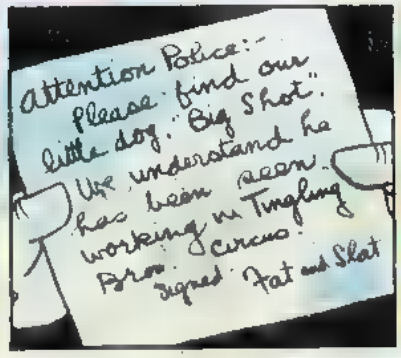
THOSE FUNNY CLOWNS WENT IN THIS TENT!

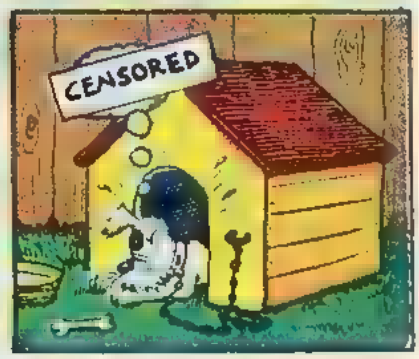

LOOK, AL, THE POOCH FOLLOWED US!
JOE


HE'S SMART! LET'S DRESS HIM UP AN' USE HIM IN THE 'WALK-AROUND'!

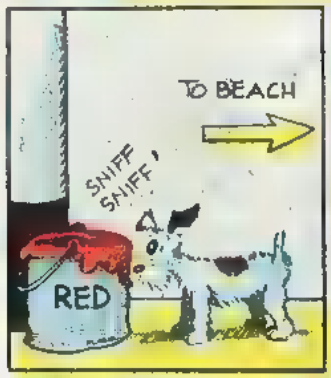

WOW!! LOOK AT THAT LI'L DOG WITH THE CLOWNS! HA-HA- AIN'T HE A WONDER!?!!

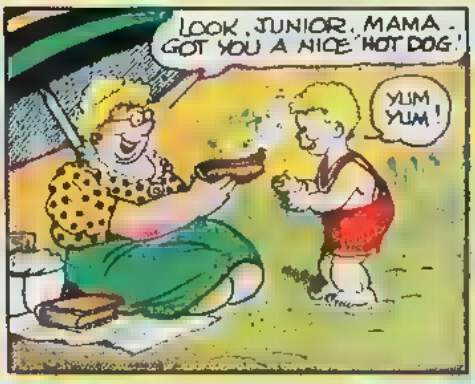
LATER
SORRY!
OKAY OFFICER, - I KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD TO LAST!

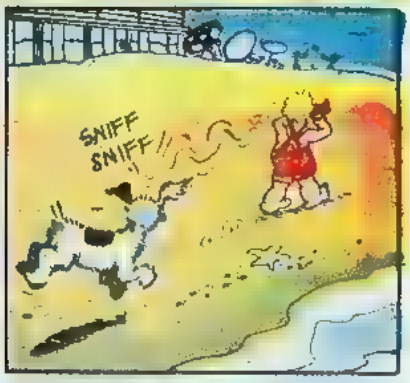

Attention Police:- Please find our little dog "Big Shot". We understand he has been seen working in Tingling Bros. circus.
Signed Fat and Slat

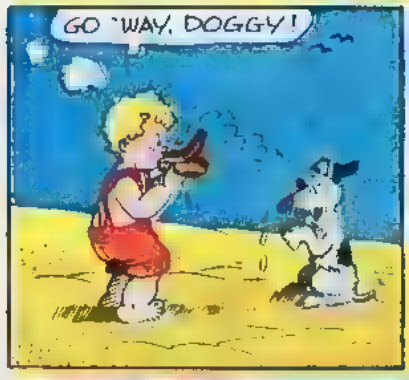

CENSORED

?
"BIG-SHOT"
BOW-WOW!

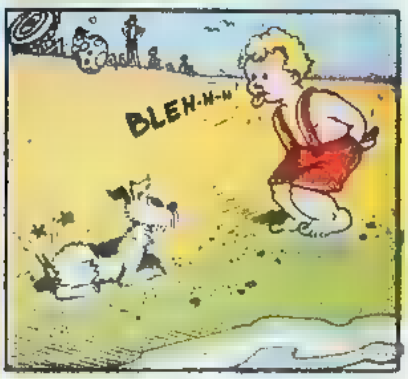

TO BEACH
SNIFF SNIFF!
RED


LOOK, JUNIOR, MAMA GOT YOU A NICE HOT DOG!
YUM YUM!

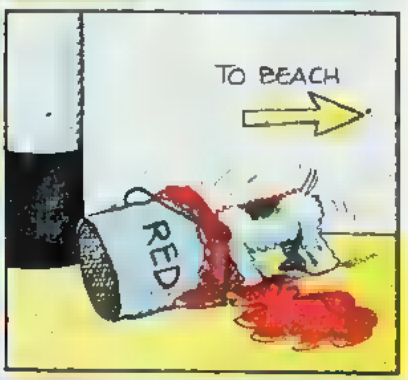

SNIFF SNIFF!!

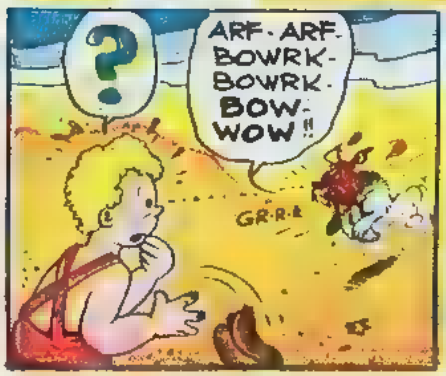

GO 'WAY, DOGGY!

I SAID - 'GO 'WAY!
?

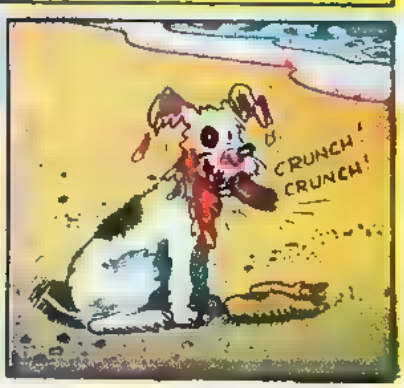

BLEH-H-H!

IDEA

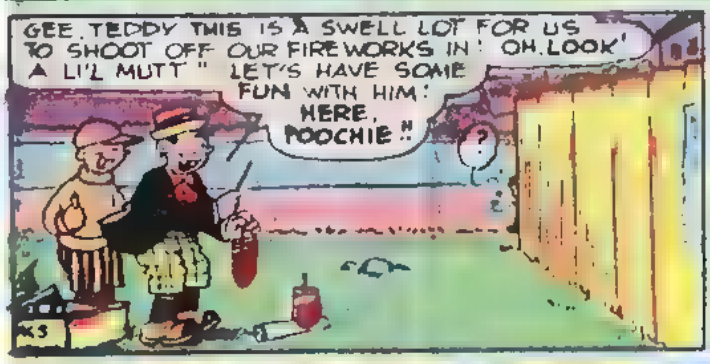

TO BEACH
RED

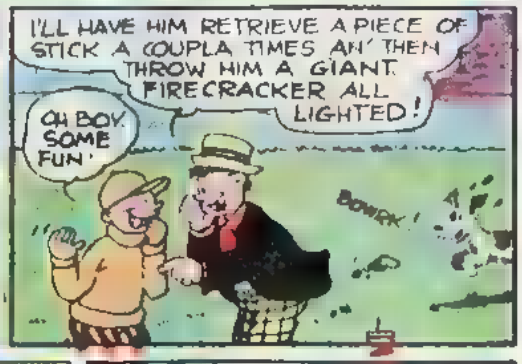

?
ARF-ARF-BOWRK-BOWRK-BOW-WOW!!
GR-R-R

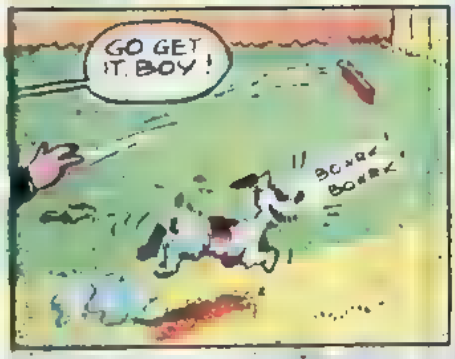
MAMA - MAMA MAMA!!!

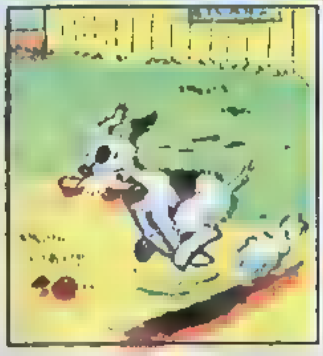

CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

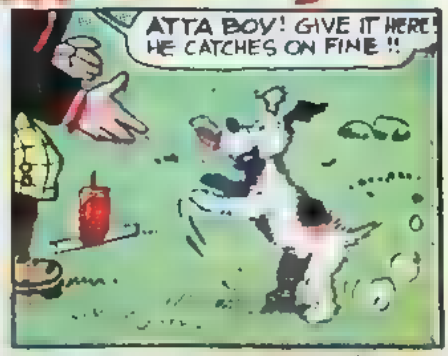
BIG SHOT
?


GEE, TEDDY THIS IS A SWELL LOT FOR US TO SHOOT OFF OUR FIREWORKS IN! OH, LOOK! A LI'L MUTT" LET'S HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM! HERE, POOCHIE!!
?

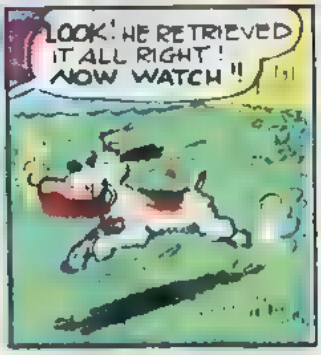

I'LL HAVE HIM RETRIEVE A PIECE OF STICK A COUPLA TIMES AN' THEN THROW HIM A GIANT FIRECRACKER ALL LIGHTED!
OH BOY, SOME FUN!
BOWWK!


GO GET IT, BOY!
BOWWK! BOWWK!




ATTA BOY! GIVE IT HERE! HE CATCHES ON FINE!!

NOW TO GIVE HIM "THE BUSINESS"!!
HA HA!

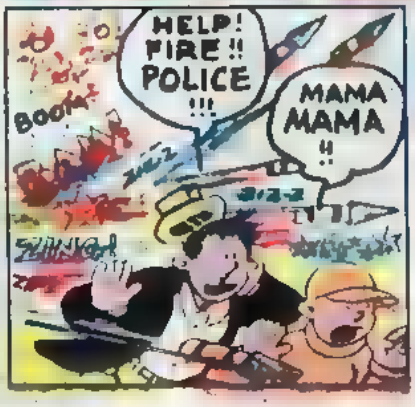

LOOK! HE RETRIEVED IT ALL RIGHT! NOW WATCH!!

BLAM!

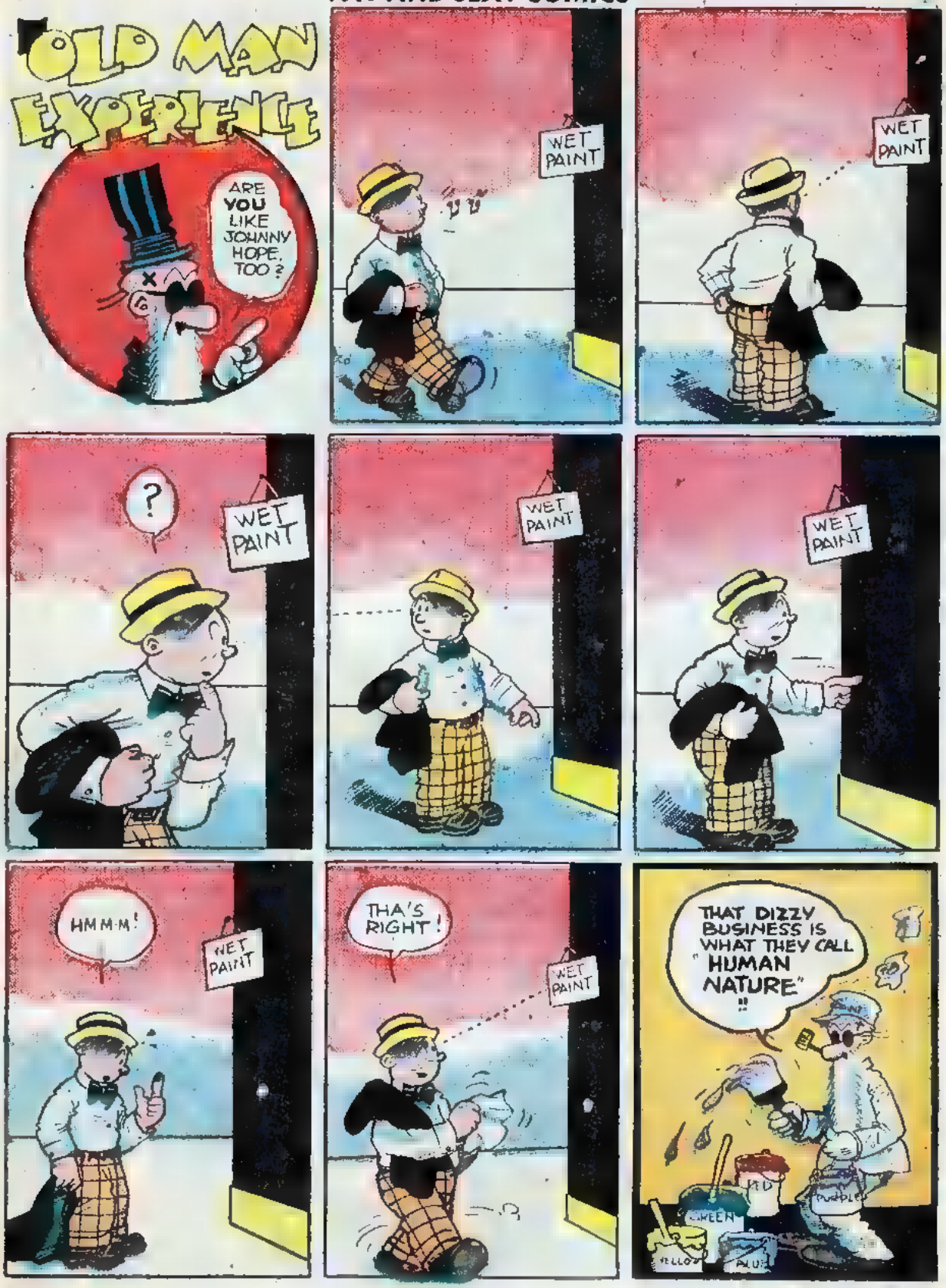
!?!

LATER
BRIGHT IDEA
?

HA-HA, I'M STILL LAUGHIN' ABOUT THAT DIZZY POOCH!
ME TOO
FIREWORKS

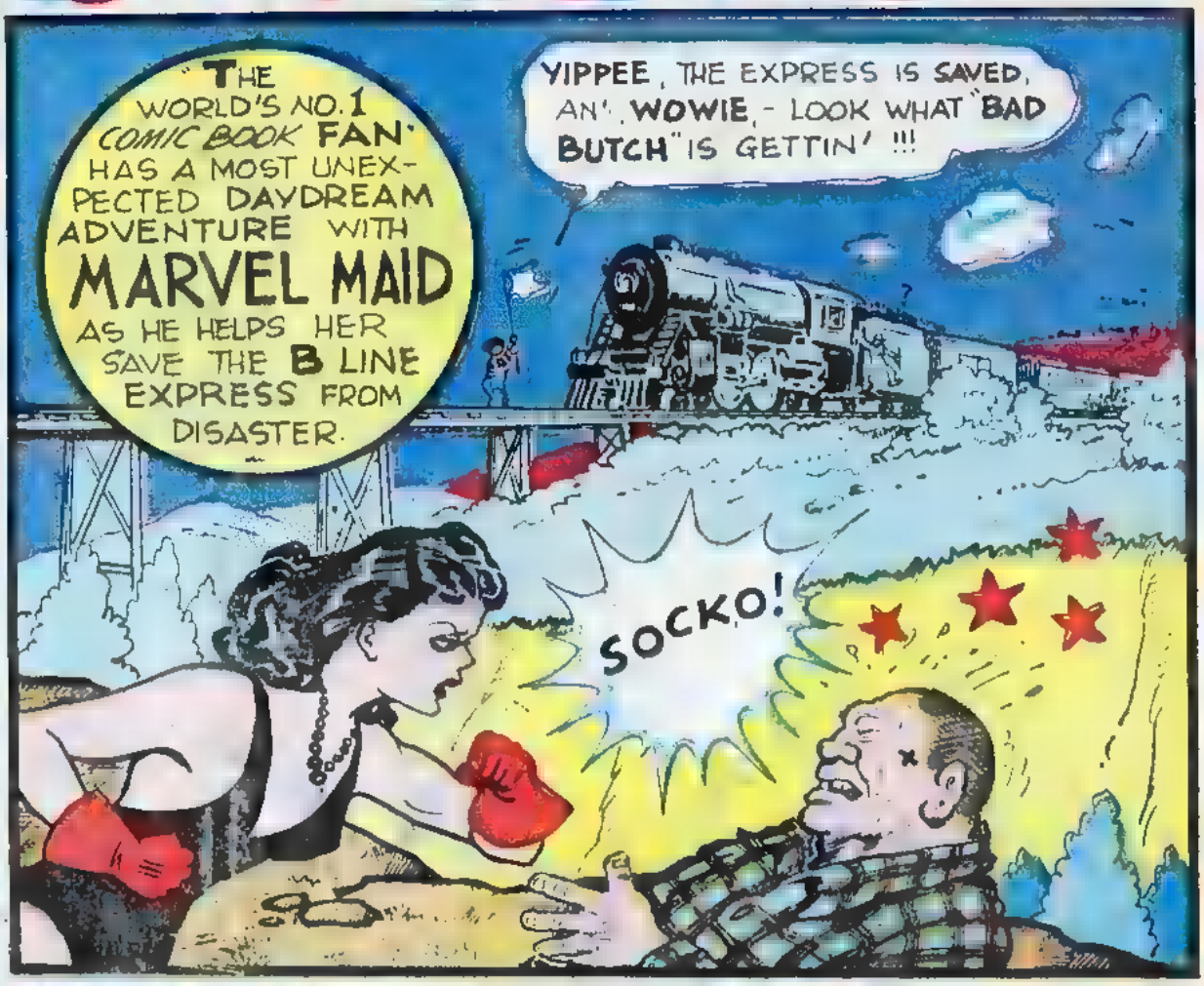

HELP! FIRE!! POLICE!!!
MAMA MAMA!!
BOOM!

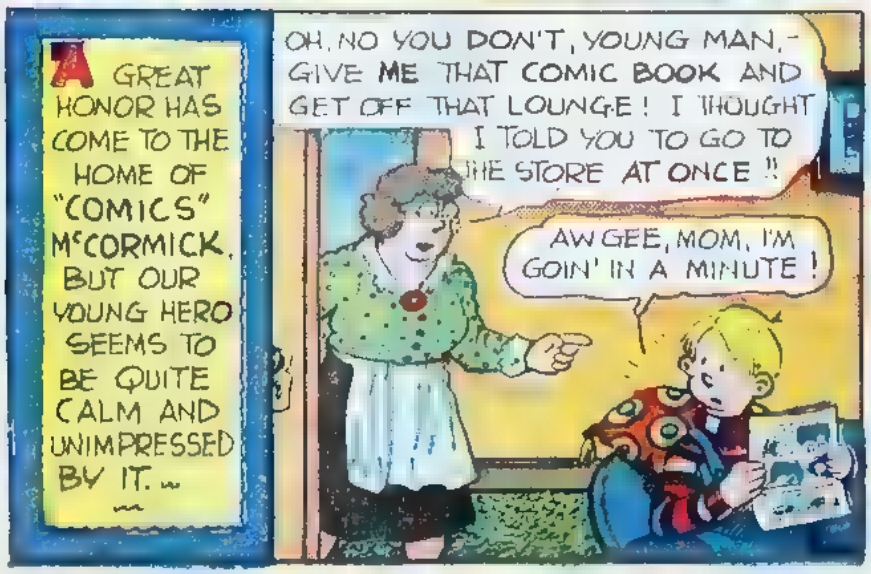
WELL, THAT'S THAT!

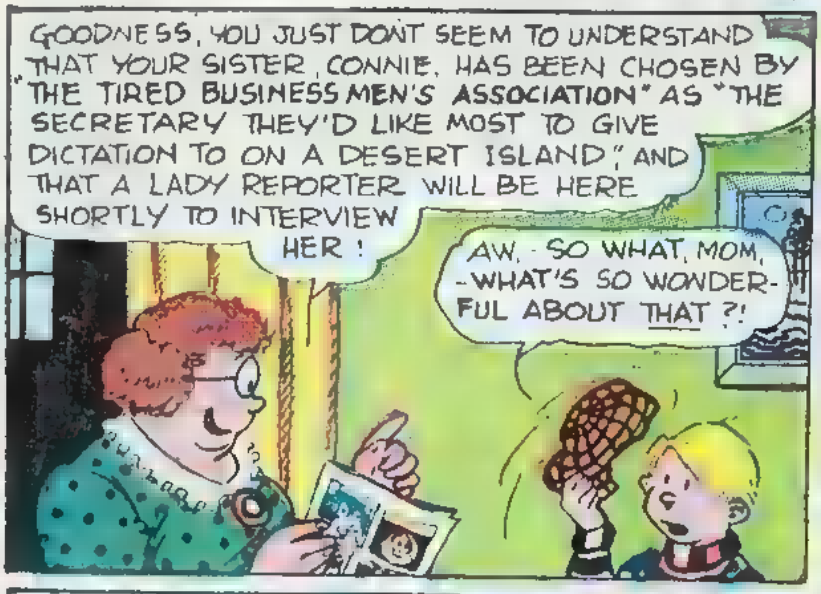

OLD MAN EXPERIENCE
ARE YOU LIKE JOHNNY HOPE, TOO?
WET PAINT
WET PAINT
?
WET PAINT
WET PAINT
WET PAINT
HMMM!
WET PAINT
THA'S RIGHT!
WET PAINT
THAT DIZZY BUSINESS IS WHAT THEY CALL "HUMAN NATURE"!!
RED
GREEN
PURPLE
YELLOW
BLUE

# "COMICS" McCORMICK

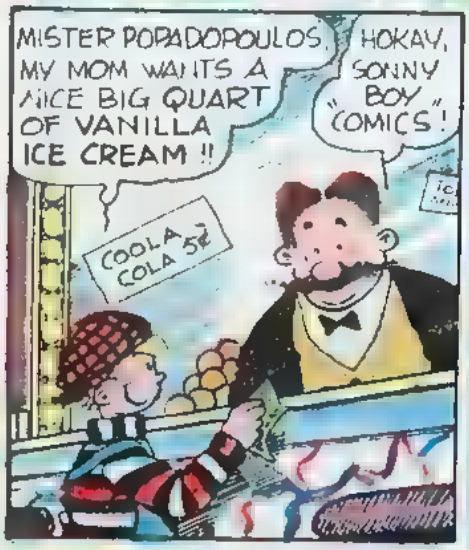
BY Ed Wheelan



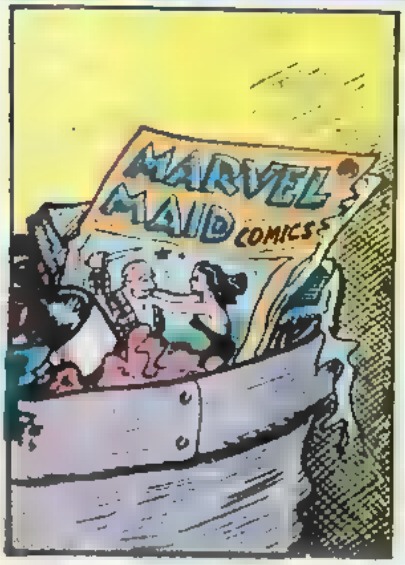

GOODNESS, YOU JUST DONT SEEM TO UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR SISTER, CONNIE, HAS BEEN CHOSEN BY "THE TIRED BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION" AS "THE SECRETARY THEY'D LIKE MOST TO GIVE DICTATION TO ON A DESERT ISLAND", AND THAT A LADY REPORTER WILL BE HERE SHORTLY TO INTERVIEW HER!
AW, - SO WHAT, MOM, - WHAT'S SO WONDERFUL ABOUT THAT?!

A MOMENT LATER...
OH, WELL, THE QUICKER I RUN THIS ERRAND, THE SOONER I'LL GET BACK TO MY COMIC BOOK !!

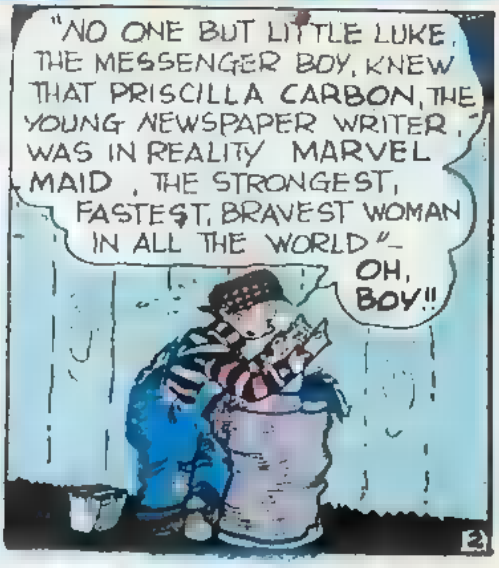

MISTER POPADOPOULOS, MY MOM WANTS A NICE BIG QUART OF VANILLA ICE CREAM !!
HOKAY, SONNY BOY "COMICS"!
COOLA COLA 5¢

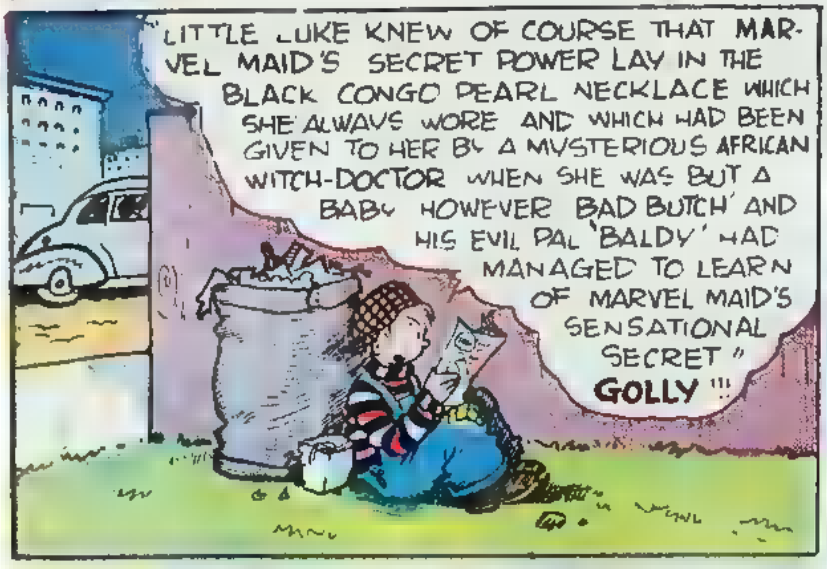
WITH THE "REFRESHMENTS" IN HAND, "COMICS" NOW TAKES A SHORT CUT HOME.

SUDDENLY HIS QUICK EYE IS ATTRACTED TO SOMETHING BRIGHT, LYING IN A METAL RECEPTACLE.
?

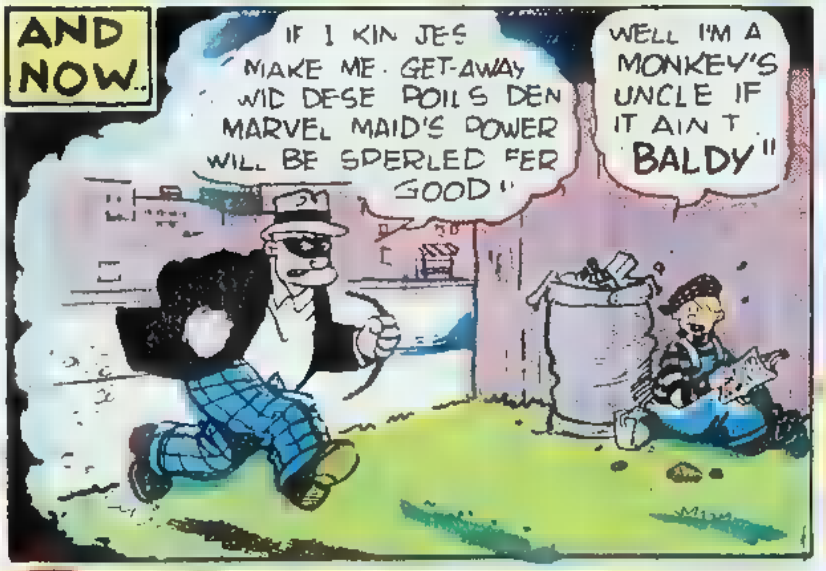

MARVEL MAID COMICS

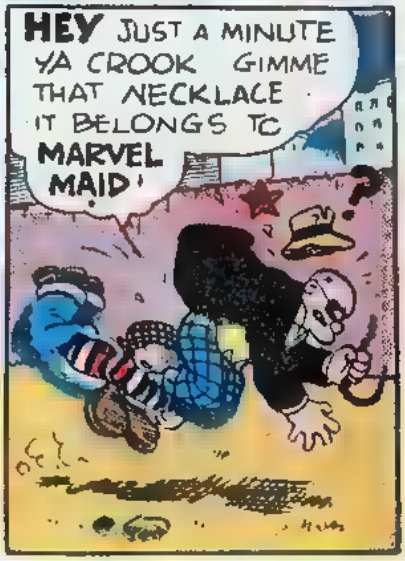
JEEPERS! I NEVER SAW THIS COMIC BEFORE - GOSH !!

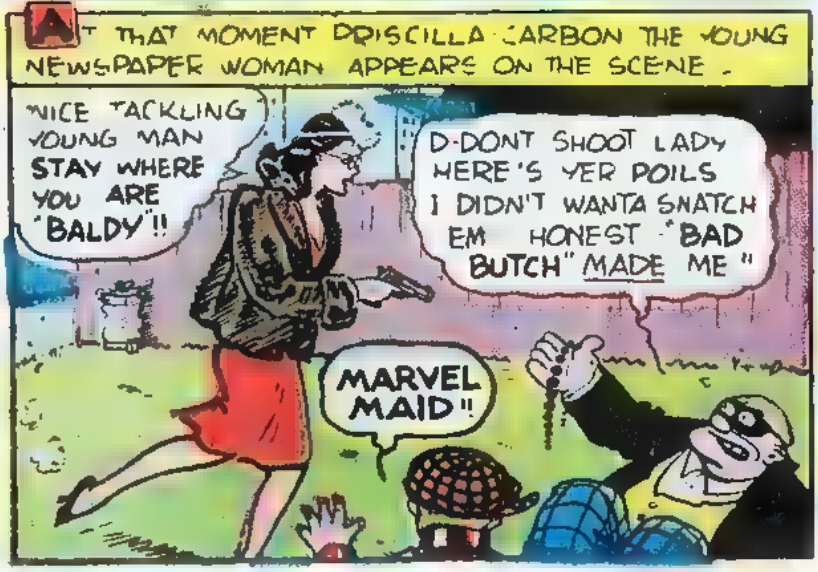

"NO ONE BUT LITTLE LUKE, THE MESSENGER BOY, KNEW THAT PRISCILLA CARBON, THE YOUNG NEWSPAPER WRITER, WAS IN REALITY MARVEL MAID, THE STRONGEST, FASTEST, BRAVEST WOMAN IN ALL THE WORLD"-
OH, BOY!!


LITTLE LUKE KNEW OF COURSE THAT MARVEL MAID'S SECRET POWER LAY IN THE BLACK CONGO PEARL NECKLACE WHICH SHE ALWAYS WORE AND WHICH HAD BEEN GIVEN TO HER BY A MYSTERIOUS AFRICAN WITCH-DOCTOR WHEN SHE WAS BUT A BABY HOWEVER BAD BUTCH AND HIS EVIL PAL 'BALDY' HAD MANAGED TO LEARN OF MARVEL MAID'S SENSATIONAL SECRET " GOLLY !!!

NOW THEY'RE LYING IN WAIT FOR HER - GEE, "BALDY" IS SNEAKIN' UP ON HER - WOW - HE GRABS HER BY THE NECK AND TEARS OFF THE MAGIC PEARLS AN - AW HECK, SOME PAGES ARE MISSIN !!


AND NOW..
IF I KIN JES MAKE ME GET-AWAY WID DESE POILS DEN MARVEL MAID'S POWER WILL BE SPERLED FER GOOD !
WELL I'M A MONKEY'S UNCLE IF IT AIN T "BALDY"!


HEY JUST A MINUTE YA CROOK GIMME THAT NECKLACE IT BELONGS TO MARVEL MAID !

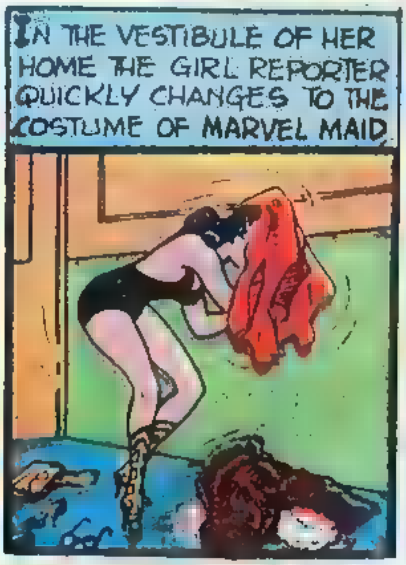

AT THAT MOMENT PRISCILLA CARBON THE YOUNG NEWSPAPER WOMAN APPEARS ON THE SCENE .
NICE TACKLING YOUNG MAN STAY WHERE YOU ARE "BALDY"!!
D-DONT SHOOT LADY HERE'S YER POILS I DIDN'T WANTA SNATCH EM HONEST "BAD BUTCH" MADE ME "
MARVEL MAID !!

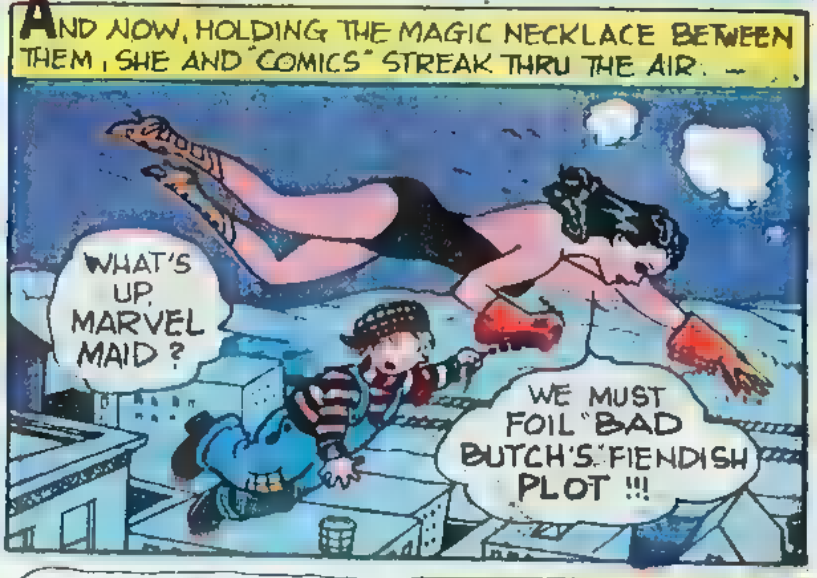
WELL NOW THAT I'VE GOT MY NECKLACE BACK THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE I MUST GET TO THE RAIL ROAD TRESTLE AT ONCE !
3

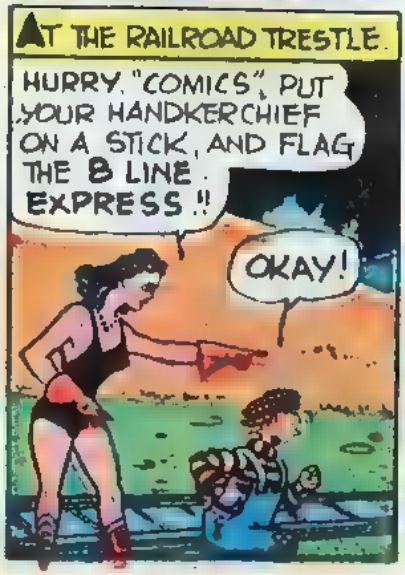
BY THE WAY, YOUNG MAN, HOW DID YOU KNOW MY IDENTITY ?
LISTEN, LADY, I WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY, WAS I ?

MY NAME'S "COMICS" McCORMICK, AN' I'M JUST AS SMART AS YOUR FRIEND, LITTLE LUKE, THE MESSENGER BOY, ANY DAY IN THE WEEK !

AFTER TYING UP "BALDY," "COMICS" AGREES TO ACT AS PRISCILLA'S NEW ASSISTANT.
AN' YOU'LL FIND ME JUST AS SATISFACTORY AS LITTLE LUKE, TOO !!
ALL RIGHT BUT HURRY!


IN THE VESTIBULE OF HER HOME THE GIRL REPORTER QUICKLY CHANGES TO THE COSTUME OF MARVEL MAID.


AND NOW, HOLDING THE MAGIC NECKLACE BETWEEN THEM, SHE AND "COMICS" STREAK THRU THE AIR. —
WHAT'S UP, MARVEL MAID ?
WE MUST FOIL "BAD BUTCH'S" FIENDISH PLOT !!!


AT THE RAILROAD TRESTLE.
HURRY, "COMICS", PUT YOUR HANDKERCHIEF ON A STICK, AND FLAG THE 8 LINE EXPRESS !!
OKAY!

"BAD BUTCH" HAS PLANTED DYNAMITE CHARGES ALL OVER THE PLACE, AND I MUST STOP HIM FROM SETTING THEM OFF — SEE YOU LATER !!

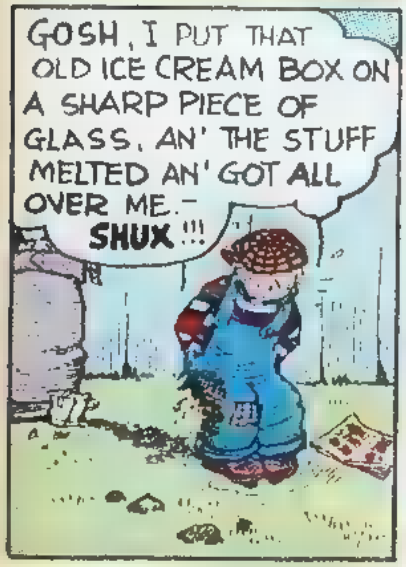
WITH SURPRISING SPEED, "COMICS" FINDS A LONG POLE AND MAKES A WHITE SIGNAL FLAG.
NOW TO GET BUSY!

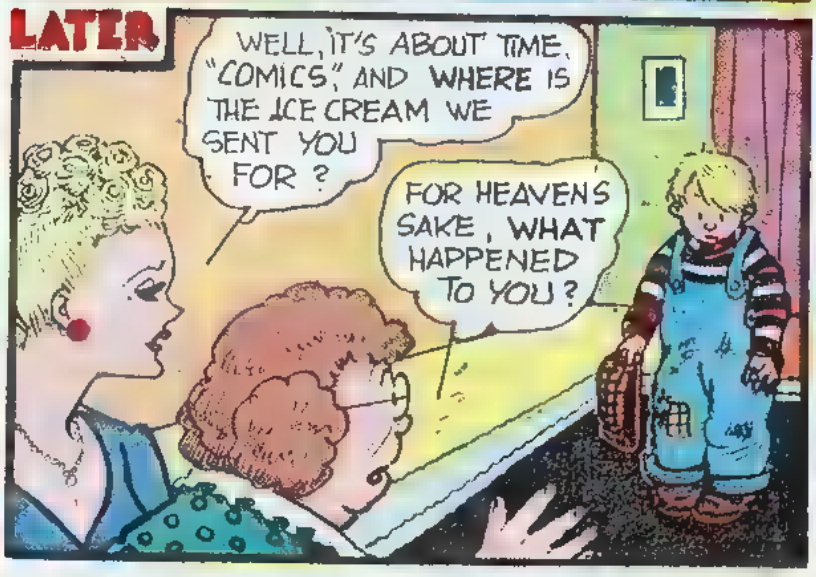
MEANWHILE DOWN IN THE MUDDY GULCH, "BAD BUTCH" HAS PLACED THE LAST OF HIS EXPLOSIVE MINES.
A LITTLE LATER...
WHEN DE TRAIN CROSSES DE TRESTLE I'LL SET OFF DAT DYAMITE FROM DIS CLIFF!
CHEE, I SOITINLY HOPE DAT NUTTIN' INTERFERED WID "BALDY" MAKIN' HIS GET-AWAY WID DEM BLACK CONGO POILS!
AND NOW OUT OF THE TUNNEL THUNDERS THE B LINE EXPRESS AND SPEEDS TO-WARDS THE MINED TRESTLE ...
FRANTICALLY, "COMICS" WAVES HIS DANGER SIGNAL IN AN EFFORT TO STOP THE TRAIN.
HOO-RAY - IT'S SLOWIN' DOWN !!
TOOT TOOT
CLANG CLANG
THERE'S GOING TO BE A WRECK ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT WHAT YOU THINK, MY FRIEND !!
HA, I HEAR DE EXPRESS COMIN' NOW!
OH, BOY, LOOKIT WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO "BAD BUTCH"! SOCK 'IM AGAIN FOR ME, MARVEL MAID!!
OKEY-DOKE, "COMICS," EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL NOW, BUT I DROPPED ONE OF MY "SPEED SHOES" IN THE GULCH.- SEE IF YOU CAN FIND IT, WILL YOU ?!!

WITHOUT WAITING TO EXPLAIN TO THE TRAIN CREW, "COMICS" CLIMBS DOWN INTO THE SWAMPY GULCH.
YEP, HERE'S HER "SPEED SHOE" ALL RIGHT!

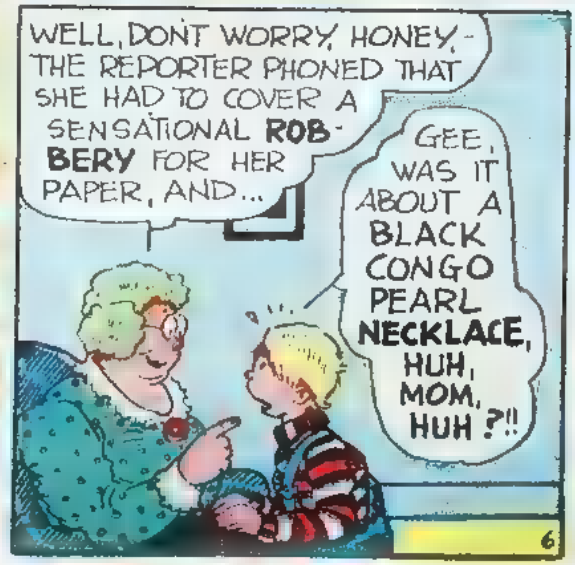
OOPS - THERE I GO!! OH, GOLLY, THIS MUD IS AWFUL - NOW I'M ALL COVERED WITH IT!!

JUST THEN..
HOLY CAT - WHAT THE DICKENS ?!!


GOSH, I PUT THAT OLD ICE CREAM BOX ON A SHARP PIECE OF GLASS, AN' THE STUFF MELTED AN' GOT ALL OVER ME. - SHUX!!!


LATER
WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME, "COMICS", AND WHERE IS THE ICE CREAM WE SENT YOU FOR ?
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU ?

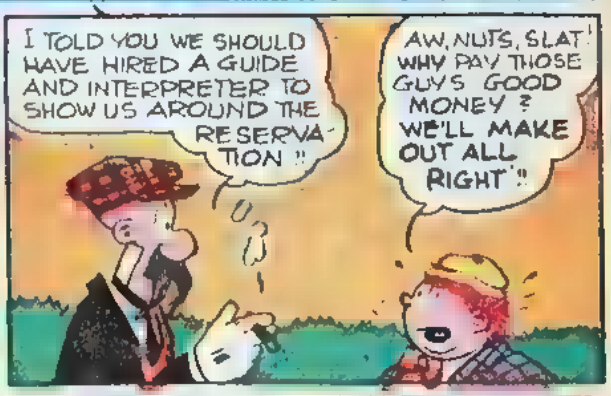
HANGING HIS HEAD IN EMBARRASSMENT, POOR "COMICS" TELLS HIS MOTHER AND SISTER ABOUT THE VANISHING ICE CREAM.
AN' THAT'S HOW I GOT ALL DIRTY, TOO!

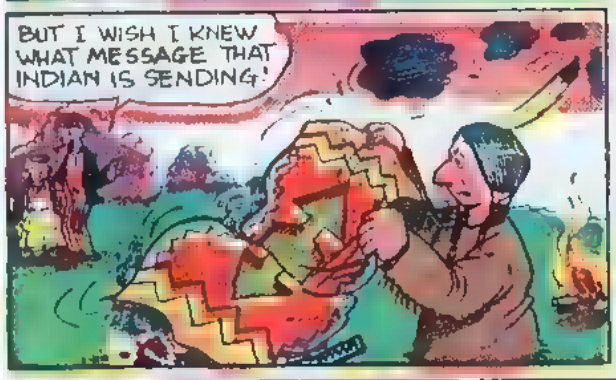

WELL, DON'T WORRY, HONEY, - THE REPORTER PHONED THAT SHE HAD TO COVER A SENSATIONAL ROBBERY FOR HER PAPER, AND...
GEE, WAS IT ABOUT A BLACK CONGO PEARL NECKLACE, HUH, MOM, HUH ?!!

BOY, WHAT A BOY!!!
WELL, FOLKS, "COMICS" McCORMICK WILL HAVE ANOTHER DAYDREAM ADVENTURE FOR YOU IN THE NEXT SNAPPY ISSUE OF
FAT and SLAT

# FAT AND SLAT.

LOOK, FAT. - SMOKE SIGNALS!
YEAH, BUT WHY IS HE USING TWO FIRES ?


I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE HIRED A GUIDE AND INTERPRETER TO SHOW US AROUND THE RESERVATION !!
AW, NUTS, SLAT! WHY PAY THOSE GUYS GOOD MONEY ? WE'LL MAKE OUT ALL RIGHT !!


BUT I WISH I KNEW WHAT MESSAGE THAT INDIAN IS SENDING!

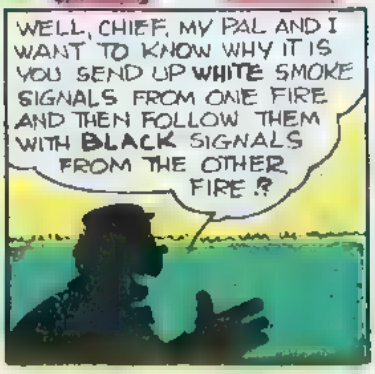
WELL, LEAVE IT TO ME, PAL ! - I'LL FIND OUT! I'LL TALK TO HIM IN SIGN LANGUAGE OR SOMETHING !
ASK ABOUT THE WHITE AND BLACK SMOKE !

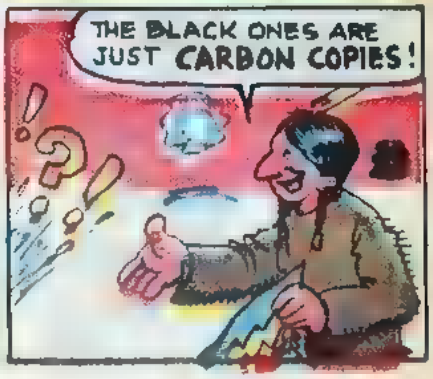
HOW !
HOW !

SO FAR SO GOOD ! LET'S SEE NOW, I'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND ME SOMEHOW ! WELL, HERE GOES !

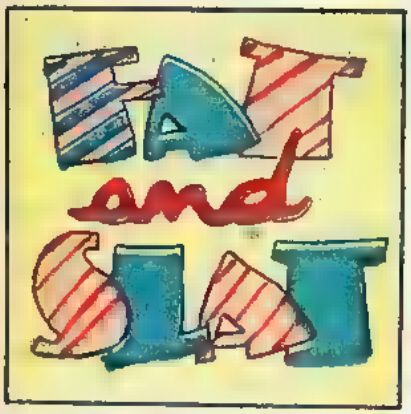
INJUN MAKUM SMOKUM PUFF-PUFF HOW COME FIRSTUM SENDUM WHITE-UM THENUM SENDUM BLACKUM ?
?

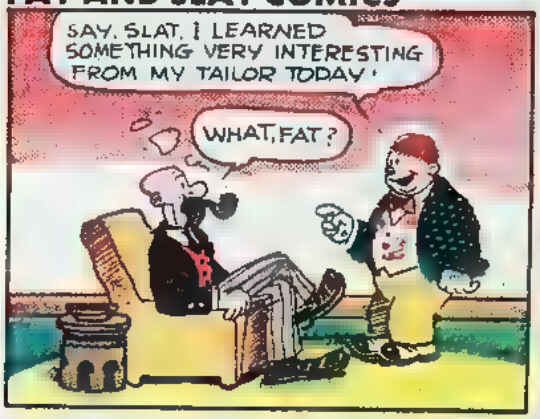
I DONT GET IT, STRANGER ! WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT ?
OH, BOY, · YOU UNDERSTAND ENGLISH ? - SWELL !!

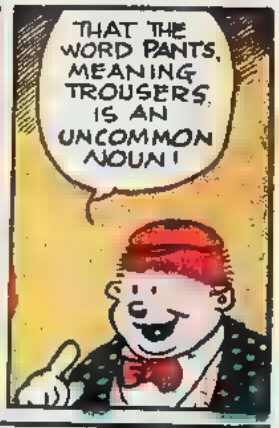

WELL, CHIEF, MY PAL AND I WANT TO KNOW WHY IT IS YOU SEND UP WHITE SMOKE SIGNALS FROM ONE FIRE AND THEN FOLLOW THEM WITH BLACK SIGNALS FROM THE OTHER FIRE ?

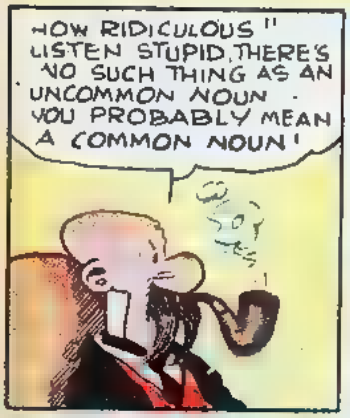

THE BLACK ONES ARE JUST CARBON COPIES !
!
?
!

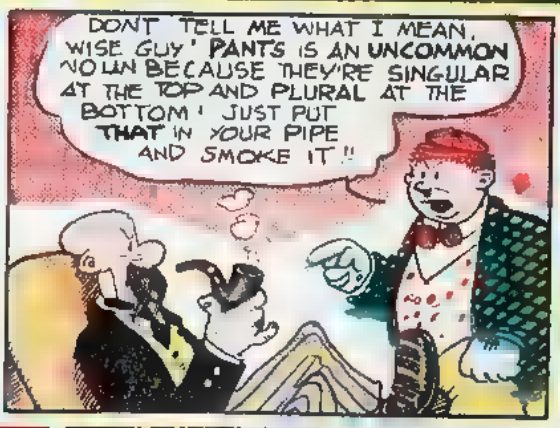
# FAT AND SLAT COMICS

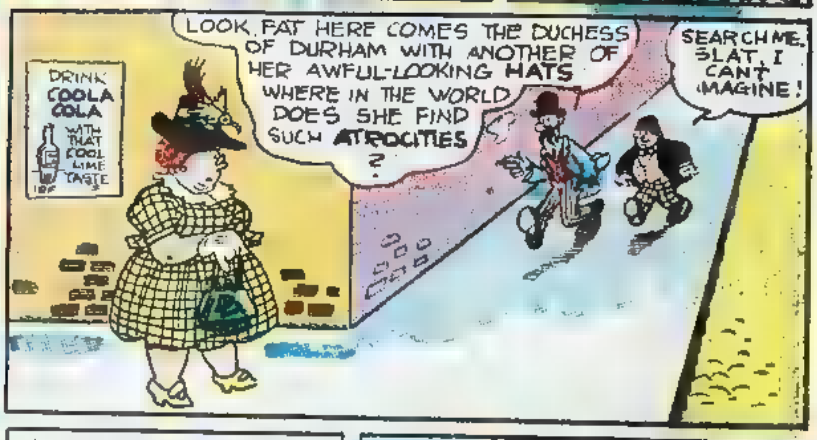


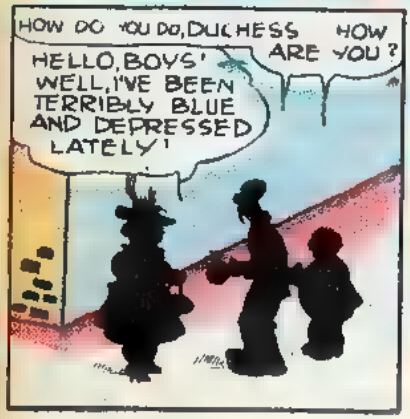





# Star - Witness

**BILL SHOULD BE** home by this time! It was 5:30 in the morning, and deaf old widow Burns was worried. Shaking her head, she closed the door of her son's room. The bed had not been slept in.

"That boy just won't listen," the old woman muttered to herself. "Getting in with a bad bunch like that gambler Tom Fletcher and his gang of hoodlums! No good'll come of it!"

Her lumbering form moved away from Bill's room. As she passed the head of the staircase, a light from the floor below caught her eye. It came through the partly open door of the living-room, at the foot of the steps. Was Bill in there at this hour? Widow Burns padded slowly downstairs. When she pushed open the living-room door she stood transfixed with horror.

A man's back loomed before her. And in his hand was a smoking gun! Over at the far side of the room, Bill lay on the floor . . . clutching his side and moaning!

The man's gun arm raised slowly . . . he was going to shoot again! A cry of terror broke from her lips, and the man's back stiffened. He sprinted for the open window and, without once turning his head, vanished into the night.

"Bill!" cried the widow, running to her son's side. "Bill - - -"

**INSPECTOR HALLORAN** was very much annoyed. "Mrs. Burns," he said, in a despairing tone, "will you stop saying you **HEARD** the man say he was Tom Fletcher! I know for a fact that you're completely deaf and can understand people only by reading their lips!" He walked up and down the room, then resumed, in a cooler tone. "We'll do all we can to catch the man who shot your son - - - if you'll only **cooperate!**"

"I **DID** hear him!" the widow snapped. "I heard him plain as day! He said he had given Bill a chance to pay his gambling debts, but Bill hadn't paid - - - so now he was going to kill him! He said, 'Tom Fletcher don't give no second chances!' He was set to shoot Bill again, but I screamed. I guess that scared him off!"

"The man's back was toward you?"

"Yes."

"You weren't able to see his face?"

"No."

"Then you weren't able to read his lips. You **COULDN'T** know what he said - - -"

"I **HEARD** him, I tell you!" the widow shrilled. "It was Tom Fletcher, the gambler! If my son Bill weren't unconscious in the hospital, he'd tell you the same thing! If my Bill dies, Fletcher killed him - - - and it's a fine Police Department that lets him go free!"

"We're holding Fletcher as a suspect, but - - -" Inspector Halloran turned to a tall, grey-haired man standing behind Mrs. Burns' chair. "Dr. Grand," he asked suddenly "how deaf is your patient?"

"Too deaf to hear what she claims to have heard!" the Doctor said, frowning thoughtfully. "I've never known her to understand what people say, no matter how loudly they talk . . . except, of course, by reading their lips!"

The widow burst into tears. "They're going to let him go free, the murderer!" she sobbed. "Even if Bill does get well, Fletcher might . . . might try again . . . t-to . . ."

"Take it easy, Mary," the Doctor said in a kindly voice. "The Police can't accept your testimony, but that doesn't mean that they don't suspect Fletcher." He helped the old woman upstairs. "They're going to question him, and when they do, he may break down and confess that he did it! He's the **ONLY** one who had a reason to shoot Bill . . . if gambling can be considered a **REASON!**"

But at Headquarters, Fletcher not only denied all knowledge of the crime . . . he had a laugh at the cops' expense, as well. "A deaf dame **HEARD** me!" he guffawed. "That's a hot one! You flatfeet ain't got a thing on me

and you know it! Sure, the Burns kid owed me dough - - - but I didn't shoot him for it, and you dopes can't prove otherwise! Ha! ha! Just in case some blind guy **SAW** me, be sure to tell that to the judge, too! It'll hand 'im a laugh!"

**DOCTOR GRAND** laid the phone back in its cradle. It was three days after the shooting. Grand had just phoned the hospital to inquire about Bill. He looked up as Mrs. Burns walked into his study.

"Mary, I have great news for you!"

"Bill - - - ?"

"- - - is coming home tonight! He's weak, but fit enough to leave the hospital. A private nurse is bringing him home in a taxicab."

"Thank the Lord!" the old widow breathed fervently. Then she remembered something. "But Fletcher . . . he - he's still free, isn't he?"

"Don't you worry," Doctor Grand said suavely. "Nothing will happen!"

But that night when Bill came home, plenty **DID** happen! Widow Burns was in an armchair facing the door, chatting with Doctor Grand. Bill came in, pale and carrying a cane. A nurse held his arm.

"Hello, Ma - - - ", he said.

Then the French windows opened. Two men leaped into the room. One pointed a gun at Mrs. Burns and Doctor Grand, warning them not to move. The other man stood before Bill Burns, an ugly revolver clenched in his hand. His back almost blotted out Bill from the widow's view.

He snarled, "Fletcher didn't do the job right. I'll finish it!" He fired twice. Bill fell. Widow Burns fainted.

**"OKAY, BOYS!"** said the Doctor. "You did a nice job. I'll send you the dough later!"

The two gunmen vanished the way they had come. The nurse slipped into the next room, and reappeared with Inspector Halloran and some Police officers.

"We heard everything, Grand!" said the Inspector.

Doctor Grand looked up slowly. He smiled. "You're sure you didn't miss a thing?" he asked.

"Not a thing!" The Inspector assured him.

The widow moaned. Her eyelids fluttered open.

"Go ahead," said Doctor Grand. "Question her!"

"What did he say?" Inspector Halloran asked. "The man who shot your son - - - "

She sat up suddenly, eyes staring. "He said **'Fletcher didn't do the job right. I'll finish it!'** My poor boy - - - "

" - - - is perfectly safe, Mrs. Burns!" the Inspector assured her. " Dr. Grand will explain."

"Bill is still in the hospital, Mary. He's passed the critical stage . . . the doctors are sure he will recover, but he isn't fit enough for questioning and he won't be able to come home for several weeks. The young fellow you saw tonight - - - and the nurse, and the two gunmen - - - are all actors! I hope you'll forgive me, Mary. I know it was a terrible shock to you . . . but it **HAD** to be . . . to test out my theory!"

"Your **THEORY?"**

"Yes, the theory that certain deaf people can hear things they wouldn't ordinarily hear, under great emotional stress! Tonight I purposely had that actor stand with his back to you while threatening to shoot 'Bill' - - - and you **HEARD** exactly what he said! I suspected that's what happened the first time, when Tom Fletcher shot Bill, but I had to convince the Police. How about it, Inspector," he asked, "can you use her testimony against Fletcher, **NOW?"**

"He'll be booked for attempted murder!" The inspector answered. "And Mrs. Burns will be our star witness! She heard him all right . . . I'm convinced!" He turned to the Police Sergeant. "Bring in Fletcher!"

The gambler was shoved into the room.

"Well, what do you know!" Inspector Halloran said, plying a toothpick. "So the deaf dame heard you, after all!"

"It's a good thing, too!" the Police Sergeant said. "Fletcher was all set to lam out of town before Bill Burns got well enough to identify him. And we didn't have enough on him to keep him here under detention!"

"We'll be keeping him here - - - for a long, **LONG** time!" Inspector Halloran said. "Take him away, Sergeant!"

# FAT and SLAT

AND ME, TOO!

ATTA BOY, "BIG SHOT,"- COME ON,- ONCE MORE,- THAT'S THE STUFF!!

ZIP!

NOW ROLL OVER,- KEEP ON ROLLING,- THAT'S IT, -HA-HA- WHOA! - HOLD IT!!

NOW COME TO PAPA! - WALK ON YOUR HIND LEGS - THAT'S THE WAY- GOOD BOY! NOW TRY IT ON YOUR FRONT LEGS!!

HELLO, SLAT! SAY, I WISH YOU COULD SEE THE WAY I'VE GOT "BIG SHOT" TRAINED! HE'S SO GOOD NOW WE COULD STAR HIM IN THE MOVIES!

NICE WORK, FAT! HOW ABOUT ME BRINGING OVER THE DUCHESS AND SOME OF HER FRIENDS TO SEE HIM DO HIS STUFF? OKAY- SWELL - IN ABOUT AN HOUR!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I NOW TAKE PLEASURE IN INTRODUCING "BIG SHOT," THE CENTURY'S CUTEST AND CLEVEREST CANINE, IN A RAPID-FIRE ROUTINE OF TERRIFIC TRICKS!

COME ON, BOY! LET'S GO!! SHOW THE FOLKS WHAT YOU CAN DO!

COMPLETELY BLANK LOOK

FIVE MINUTES LATER

SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, YOU DIRTY LITTLE DOUBLE-CROSSER!!

NOT A MOVE

I'M SORRY, FRIENDS, BUT APPARENTLY "BIG SHOT" IS LIKE ALL STUBBORN AND STUPID MUTTS!! WHEN YOU WANT THEM TO PERFORM FOR STRANGERS IT'S JUST "NO DICE!"

!?!

HEY, FAT,- LOOK!!

HE MUST HAVE RESENTED WHAT YOU SAID!

WE'LL I'LL BE DOG-GONED!!

HE'S A WONDER!!

HOW CLEVER!!

THE WORKS

Fat
and
Slat

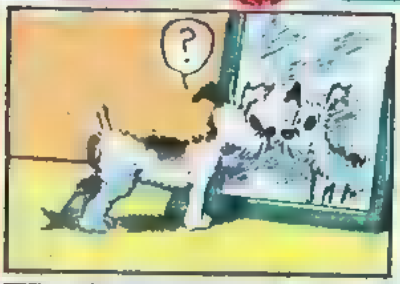
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, SLAT! MR. HAGGLE ISN'T MY HUNTING GUIDE, HE'S MY LAWYER! HE'S GOING ALONG WITH ME THIS YEAR!!
YES; FAT, INSISTS'!
O-OH, I SEE! EXCUSE ME, MR. HAGGLE — GLAD TO MEET YOU, I'M SURE! WELL, SO LONG, GENTLEMEN, HAVE A GOOD TRIP AND LOTS OF LUCK!
?

PSST-T, WAIT A MINUTE, FAT, - BEFORE YOU LEAVE I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING!
OKAY, BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY- WE'VE GOT TO CATCH A TRAIN!

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO TAKE A GUY LIKE HIM ON YOUR TRIP FOR? I CAN SEE HE'S NO HUNTER! HE'LL BE A TOTAL LOSS!!

OH, YEAH?! LAST YEAR I SHOT MY GUIDE AND TWO COWS BY MISTAKE! CAN I TELL WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN THIS YEAR?

Big Shot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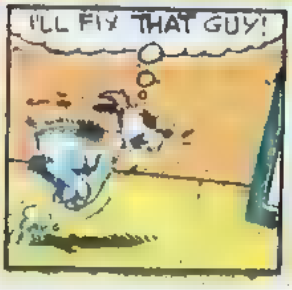
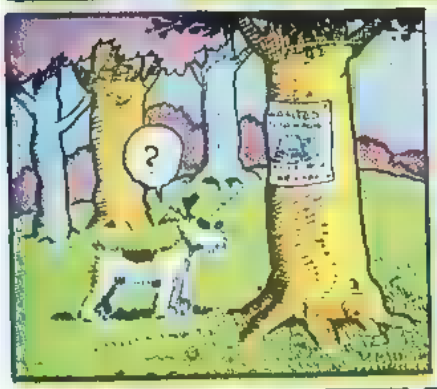
GR-R-R!!


I'LL FIX THAT GUY!

CRASH!!!

!?!

"BIG SHOT"
BOWRK!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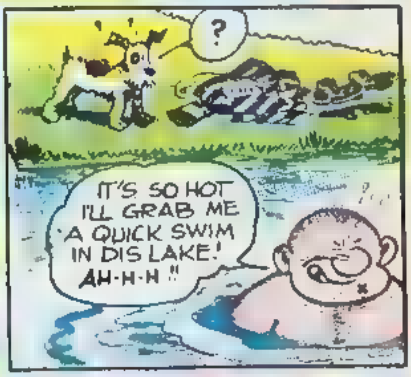
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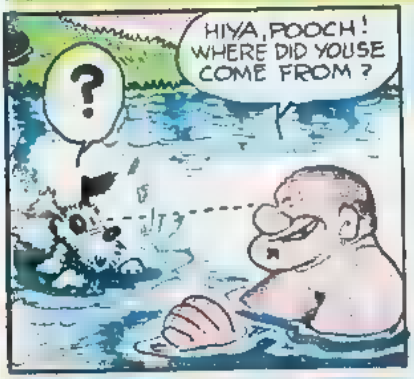
IT'S SO HOT I'LL GRAB ME A QUICK SWIM IN DIS LAKE! AH-H-H !!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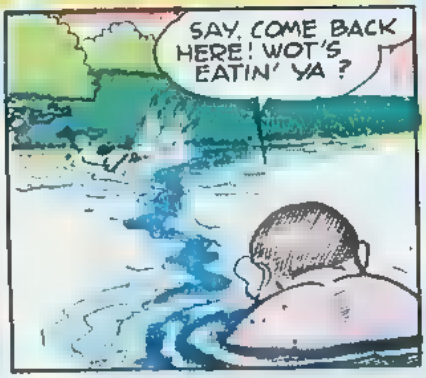
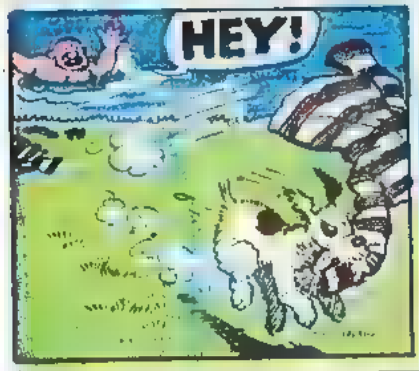
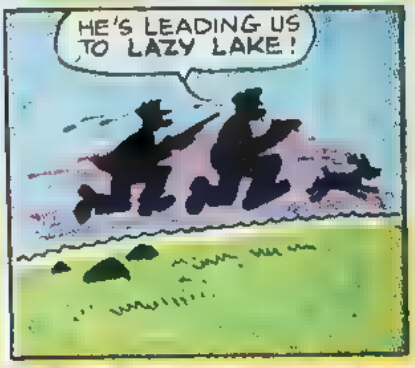
HIYA, POOCH! WHERE DID YOUSE COME FROM ?

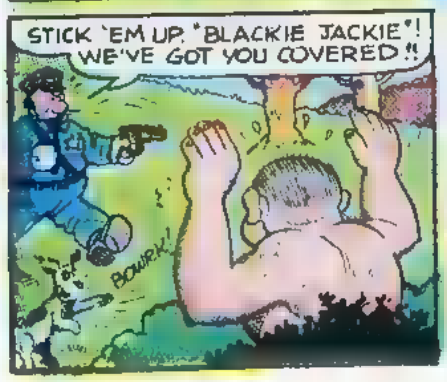

SAY, COME BACK HERE! WOT'S EATIN' YA ?

!
WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE
131323
BLACKIE JACKIE
REWARD

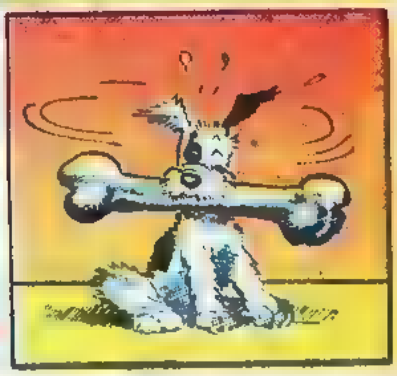

HEY!

HOLY SMOKES! - 131323 - SAY, THIS BELONGS TO "BLACKIE JACKIE". WHERE DID YOU GET IT "BIG SHOT" ?

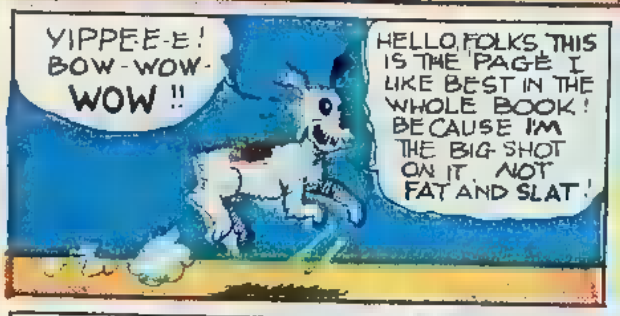

HE'S LEADING US TO LAZY LAKE!


STICK 'EM UP, "BLACKIE JACKIE"! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED !!
BOWRK!

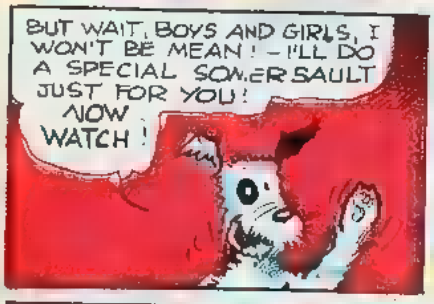
YES, FAT, THE REWARD MONEY IS ALL YOURS. BUT YOUR LITTLE DOG WAS THE REAL HERO. SO GIVE HIM THE BIGGEST BONE YOU CAN FIND! HE'S A PEACH OF A POOCH !!

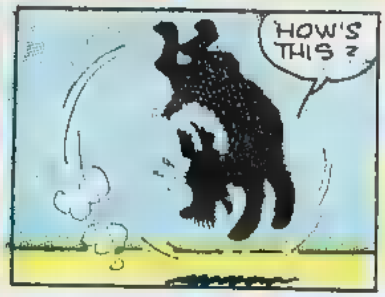


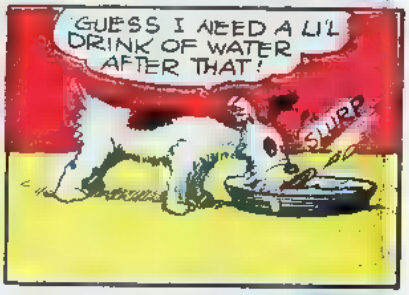
# "BIG SHOT"

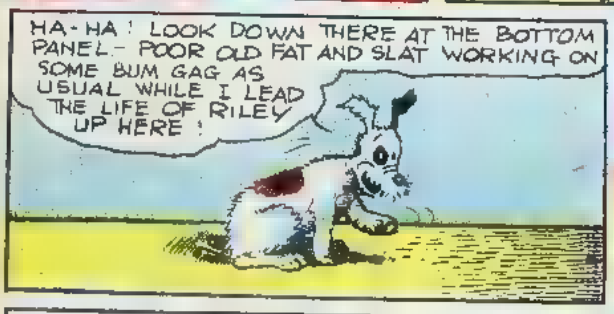

YIPPEE-E! BOW-WOW-WOW !!
HELLO FOLKS, THIS IS THE PAGE I LIKE BEST IN THE WHOLE BOOK! BECAUSE I'M THE BIG SHOT ON IT. NOT FAT AND SLAT!

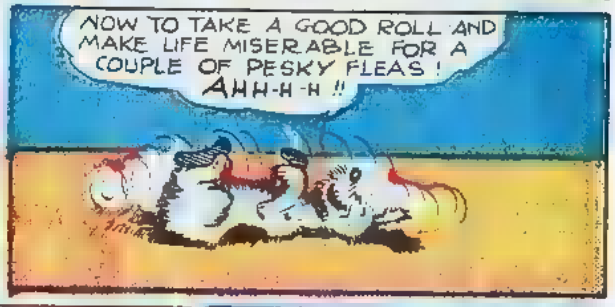
WHAT'S MORE I CAN DO ANYTHING I WANT AND MAYBE, LIKE TODAY, I DON'T WANT TO DO ANYTHING - HA-HA - EXCEPT JUST LIE DOWN AND TAKE LIFE EASY !!

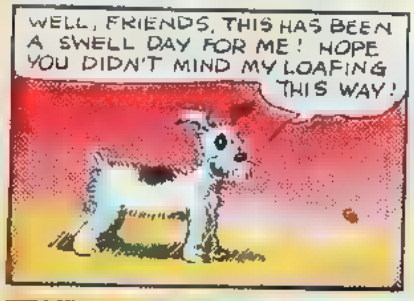

BUT WAIT, BOYS AND GIRLS, I WON'T BE MEAN! - I'LL DO A SPECIAL SOMERSAULT JUST FOR YOU! NOW WATCH!


HOW'S THIS?


GUESS I NEED A LI'L DRINK OF WATER AFTER THAT!
SLURP


HA-HA! LOOK DOWN THERE AT THE BOTTOM PANEL - POOR OLD FAT AND SLAT WORKING ON SOME BUM GAG AS USUAL WHILE I LEAD THE LIFE OF RILEY UP HERE!


NOW TO TAKE A GOOD ROLL AND MAKE LIFE MISERABLE FOR A COUPLE OF PESKY FLEAS! AHH-H-H!!


WELL, FRIENDS, THIS HAS BEEN A SWELL DAY FOR ME! HOPE YOU DIDN'T MIND MY LOAFING THIS WAY!

WELL, SO LONG, EVERYBODY, IT'S TIME FOR MY NAP!

ZZZZZ

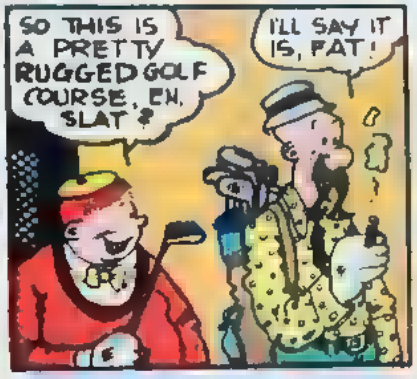
FAT and SLAT

SO YOU FOUND ME A JOB AT LAST WITH A DRY-CLEANING OUTFIT, EH, FAT?
YOU BET, SLAT!

GOSH, I HOPE THE WORK ISN'T HARD, IS IT?
OH, ONLY IN SPOTS!

?
NINCOMPOOP!

FAT and SLAT

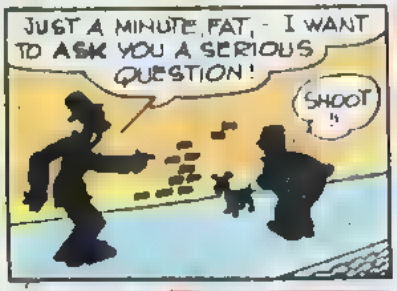

SO THIS IS A PRETTY RUGGED GOLF COURSE, EH, SLAT?
I'LL SAY IT IS, FAT!

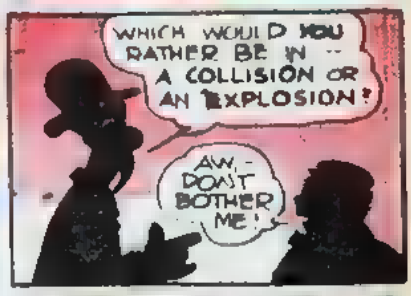
IN FACT, MY BOY, I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT'S ABOUT THE TOUGHEST COURSE YOU'VE EVER PLAYED!
I DOUBT THAT!

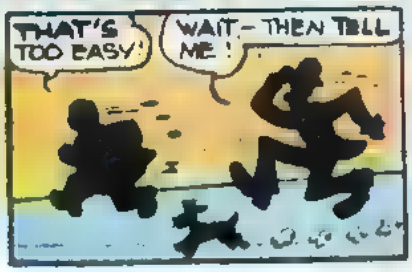
WELL, LET'S GET GOING – I'LL TEE OFF
FORE!

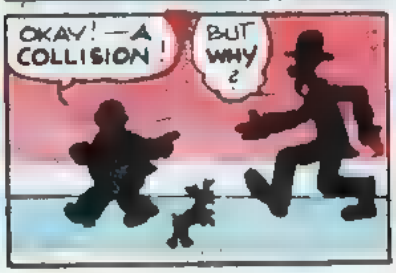
BIGOSH, SLAT, YOU'RE RIGHT! – THIS IS THE TOUGHEST COURSE I'VE PLAYED YET!!
?

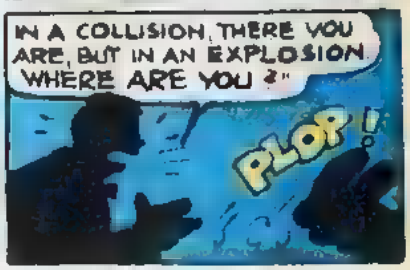
FAT and SLAT.


JUST A MINUTE, FAT, – I WANT TO ASK YOU A SERIOUS QUESTION!
SHOOT!

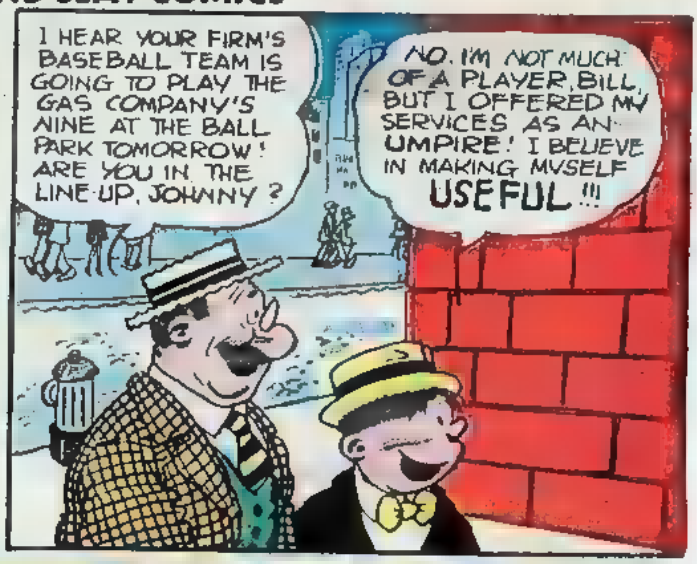

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE IN – A COLLISION OR AN EXPLOSION?
AW, – DON'T BOTHER ME!


THAT'S TOO EASY!
WAIT – THEN TELL ME!


OKAY! – A COLLISION!
BUT WHY?

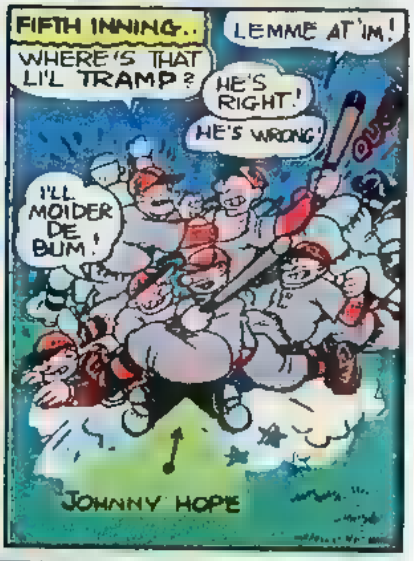

IN A COLLISION, THERE YOU ARE, BUT IN AN EXPLOSION WHERE ARE YOU?"
PLOP!

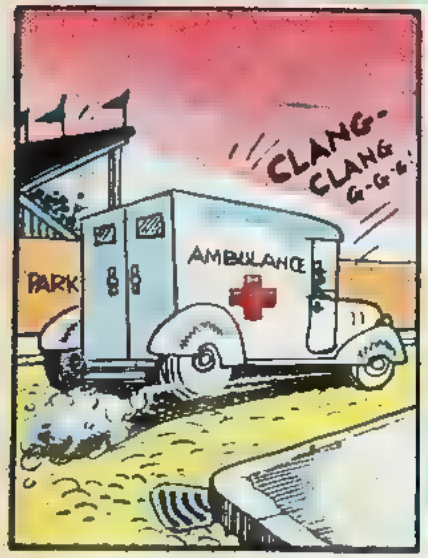
OLD MAN EXPERIENCE
SUMP


I HEAR YOUR FIRM'S BASEBALL TEAM IS GOING TO PLAY THE GAS COMPANY'S NINE AT THE BALL PARK TOMORROW! ARE YOU IN THE LINE-UP, JOHNNY?
NO. I'M NOT MUCH OF A PLAYER, BILL, BUT I OFFERED MY SERVICES AS AN UMPIRE! I BELIEVE IN MAKING MYSELF USEFUL!!!

FIRST INNING..
WADDAYA MEAN "STRIKE"? WHY, YA LI'L PUNK, I GOTTA A GOOD MIND TO BRAIN YOUSE!
HEY, LAY OFFA HIM SLUG!

THIRD INNING..
ROBBER!
BUM!
THROW 'IM OUT!!
KILL DE UMP!
POP!
ZIP

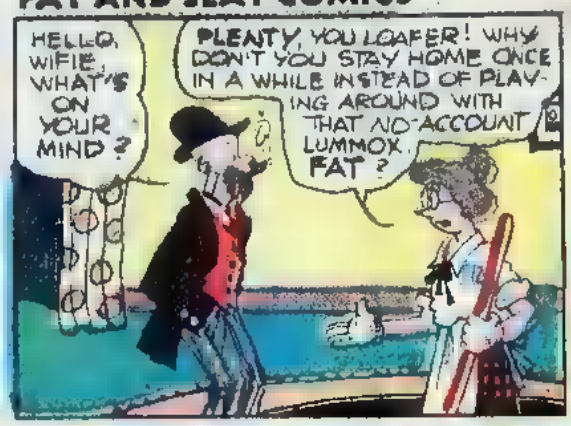

FIFTH INNING..
WHERE'S THAT LI'L TRAMP?
LEMME AT 'IM!
HE'S RIGHT!
HE'S WRONG!
I'LL MOIDER DE BUM!
JOHNNY HOPE

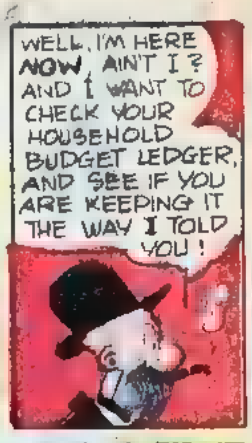

CLANG-CLANG G-G-G!
AMBULANCE
PARK

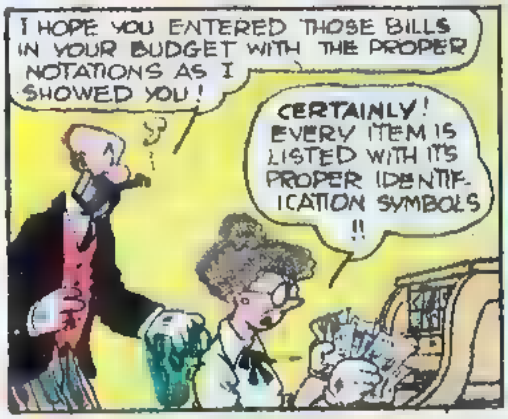
?

A GOOD WAY TO MAKE YOURSELF USELESS!!

FAT
and
SLAT


HELLO, WIFIE, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
PLENTY, YOU LOAFER! WHY DON'T YOU STAY HOME ONCE IN A WHILE INSTEAD OF PLAYING AROUND WITH THAT NO-ACCOUNT LUMMOX, FAT?

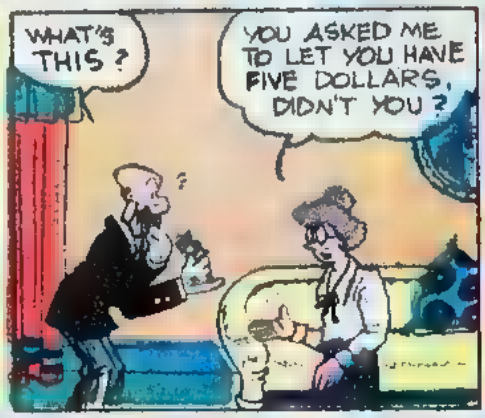

WELL, I'M HERE NOW, AIN'T I? AND I WANT TO CHECK YOUR HOUSEHOLD BUDGET LEDGER, AND SEE IF YOU ARE KEEPING IT THE WAY I TOLD YOU!


I HOPE YOU ENTERED THOSE BILLS IN YOUR BUDGET WITH THE PROPER NOTATIONS AS I SHOWED YOU!
CERTAINLY! EVERY ITEM IS LISTED WITH ITS PROPER IDENTIFICATION SYMBOLS!!

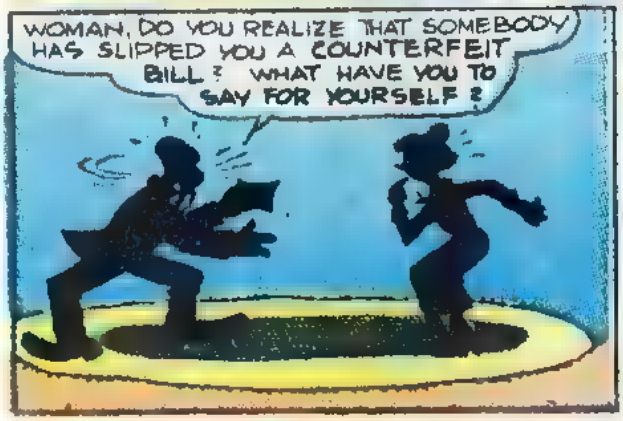
EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE OKAY, EXCEPT FOR ALL THESE ENTRIES MARKED "SM"? YOU SEEM TO HAVE BOUGHT AN AWFUL LOT OF THEM! WHAT DOES "SM" STAND FOR?

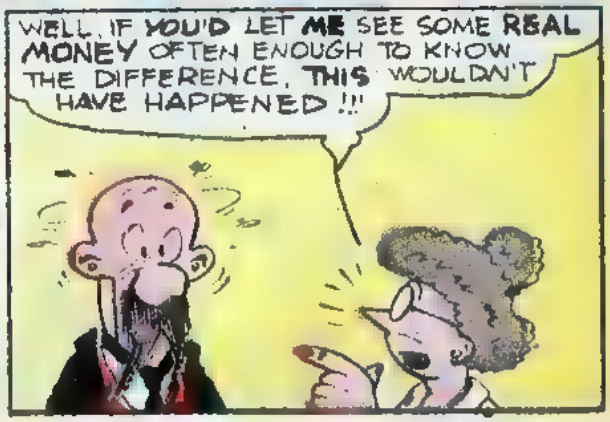
SEARCH ME!!
PLOP!

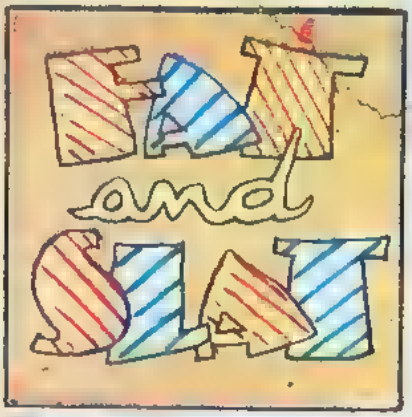
FAT
and
SLAT

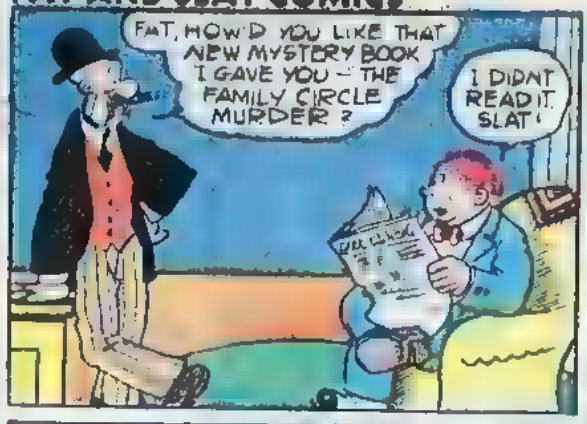

WHAT'S THIS?
YOU ASKED ME TO LET YOU HAVE FIVE DOLLARS, DIDN'T YOU?

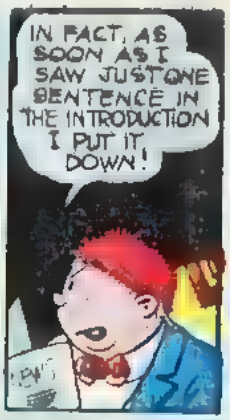
YES, BUT— HM-M-M!!

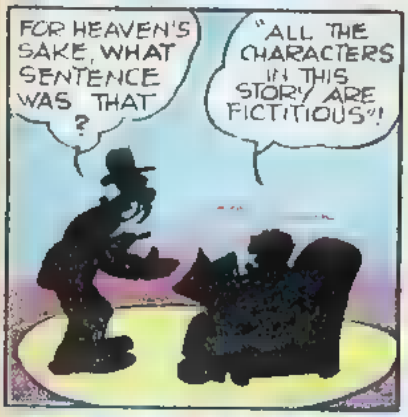

WOMAN, DO YOU REALIZE THAT SOMEBODY HAS SLIPPED YOU A COUNTERFEIT BILL? WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

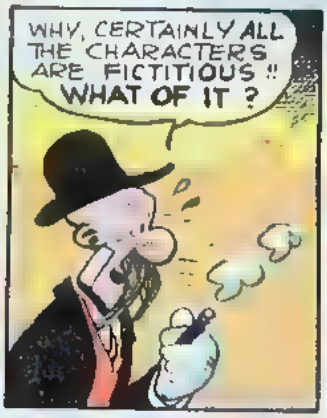

WELL, IF YOU'D LET ME SEE SOME REAL MONEY OFTEN ENOUGH TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE, THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!!!

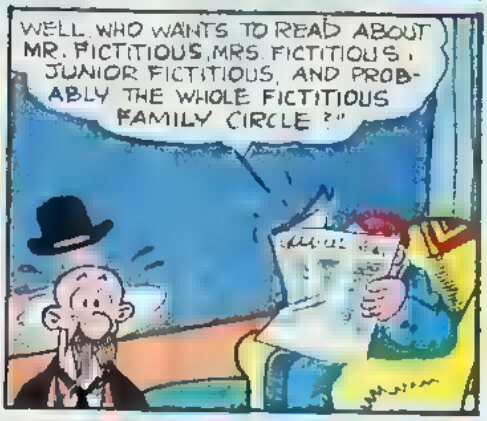

FAT
and
SLAT


FAT, HOW'D YOU LIKE THAT NEW MYSTERY BOOK I GAVE YOU – THE FAMILY CIRCLE MURDER ?
I DIDNT READ IT, SLAT!

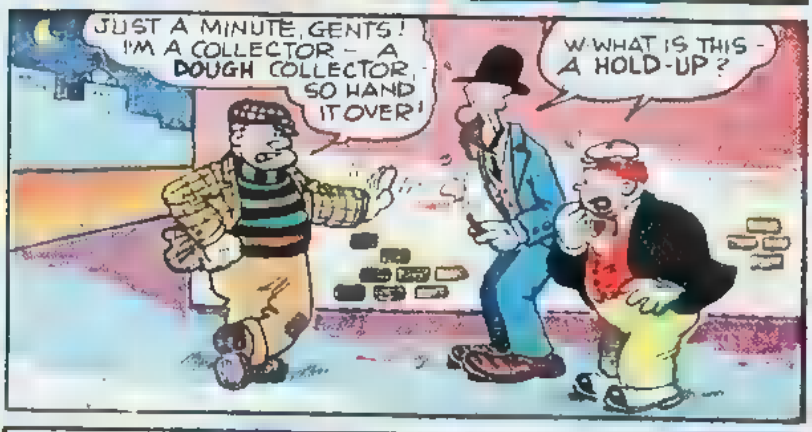

IN FACT, AS SOON AS I SAW JUST ONE SENTENCE IN THE INTRODUCTION I PUT IT DOWN!


FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WHAT SENTENCE WAS THAT ?
"ALL THE CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS"!

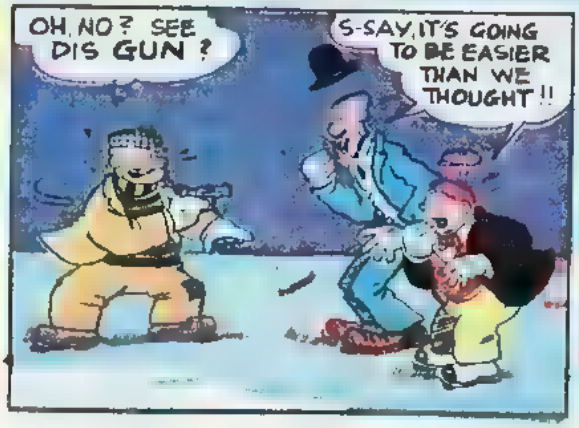

WHY, CERTAINLY ALL THE CHARACTERS ARE FICTITIOUS !! WHAT OF IT ?


WELL, WHO WANTS TO READ ABOUT MR. FICTITIOUS, MRS. FICTITIOUS, JUNIOR FICTITIOUS, AND PROBABLY THE WHOLE FICTITIOUS FAMILY CIRCLE ?"

FAT
and
SLAT

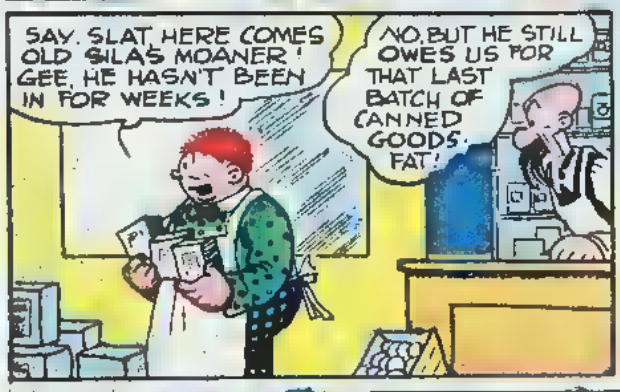

JUST A MINUTE, GENTS! I'M A COLLECTOR – A DOUGH COLLECTOR, SO HAND IT OVER!
W-WHAT IS THIS – A HOLD-UP ?

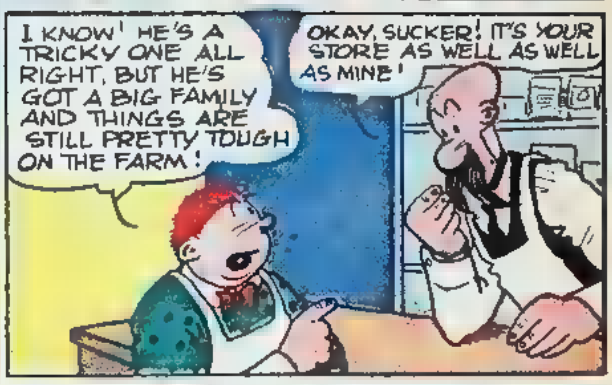
SAY, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, BUD, AND WHO DO YOU THINK WE ARE ?!!
YEAH! IT'S NOT GOING TO BE THAT EASY!!


OH, NO ? SEE DIS GUN ?
S-SAY, IT'S GOING TO BE EASIER THAN WE THOUGHT !!

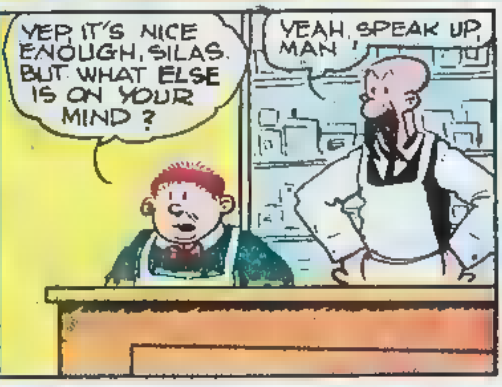
WHAT ?
I DIDNT SAY ANYTHING !!

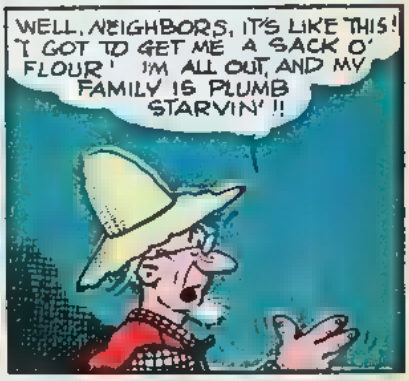
# FAT and SLAT

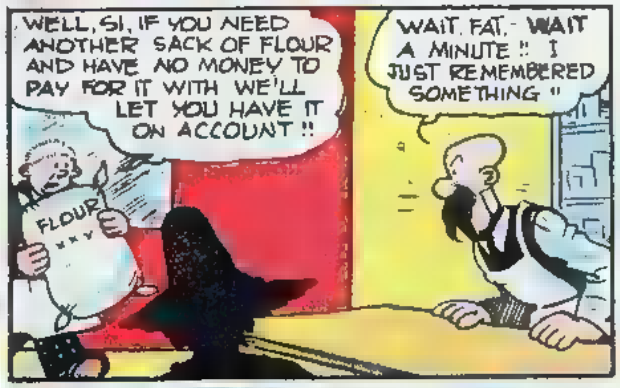

SAY. SLAT HERE COMES OLD SILAS MOANER! GEE, HE HASN'T BEEN IN FOR WEEKS!
NO, BUT HE STILL OWES US FOR THAT LAST BATCH OF CANNED GOODS, FAT!

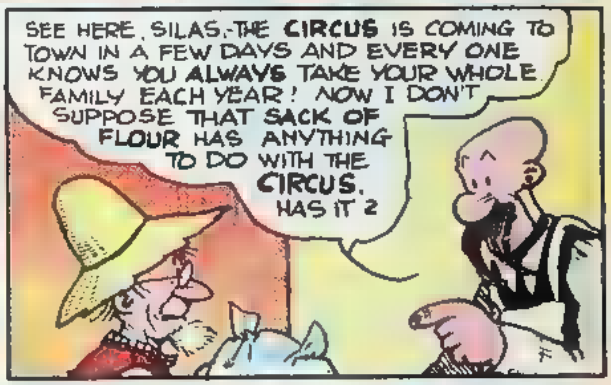

I KNOW! HE'S A TRICKY ONE ALL RIGHT, BUT HE'S GOT A BIG FAMILY AND THINGS ARE STILL PRETTY TOUGH ON THE FARM!
OKAY, SUCKER! IT'S YOUR STORE AS WELL AS WELL AS MINE!

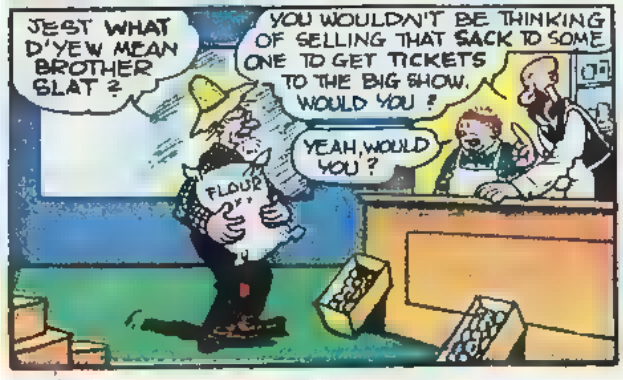
HOWDY, BUBS. - NICE DAY AIN'T IT?

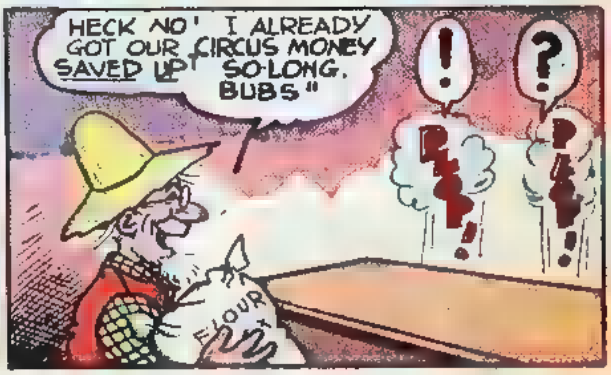

YEP, IT'S NICE ENOUGH, SILAS. BUT WHAT ELSE IS ON YOUR MIND?
YEAH, SPEAK UP, MAN!


WELL, NEIGHBORS, IT'S LIKE THIS! I GOT TO GET ME A SACK O' FLOUR! I'M ALL OUT, AND MY FAMILY IS PLUMB STARVIN'!!

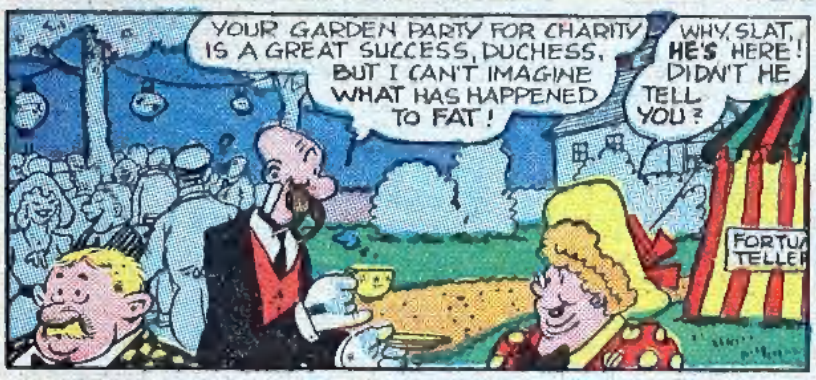

WELL, SI, IF YOU NEED ANOTHER SACK OF FLOUR AND HAVE NO MONEY TO PAY FOR IT WITH WE'LL LET YOU HAVE IT ON ACCOUNT!!
FLOUR
WAIT, FAT, - WAIT A MINUTE!! I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING!!

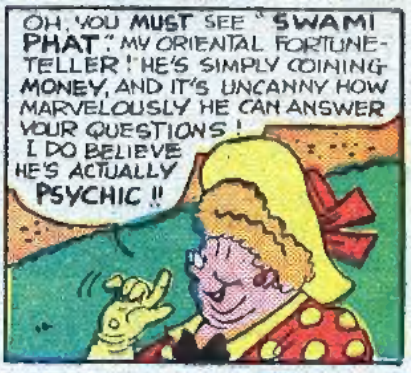

SEE HERE, SILAS, - THE CIRCUS IS COMING TO TOWN IN A FEW DAYS AND EVERY ONE KNOWS YOU ALWAYS TAKE YOUR WHOLE FAMILY EACH YEAR! NOW I DON'T SUPPOSE THAT SACK OF FLOUR HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE CIRCUS, HAS IT?


JEST WHAT D'YEW MEAN BROTHER SLAT?
YOU WOULDN'T BE THINKING OF SELLING THAT SACK TO SOME ONE TO GET TICKETS TO THE BIG SHOW, WOULD YOU?
YEAH, WOULD YOU?
FLOUR

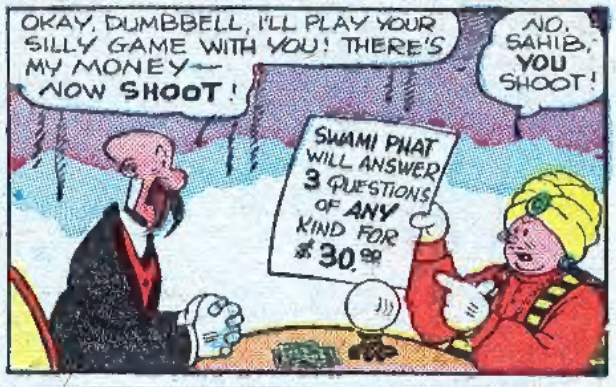

HECK NO! I ALREADY GOT OUR CIRCUS MONEY SAVED UP! SO-LONG, BUBS!!
!
?
FLOUR

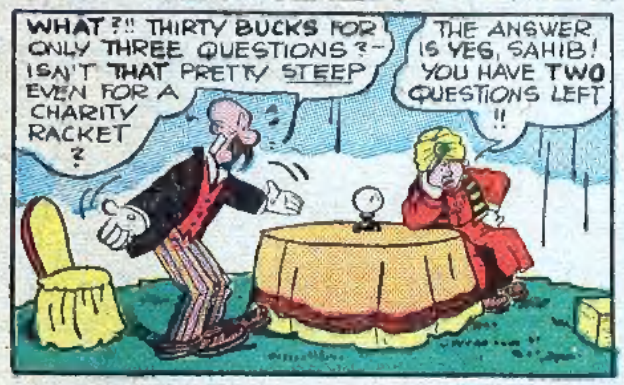
# FAT AND SLAT.

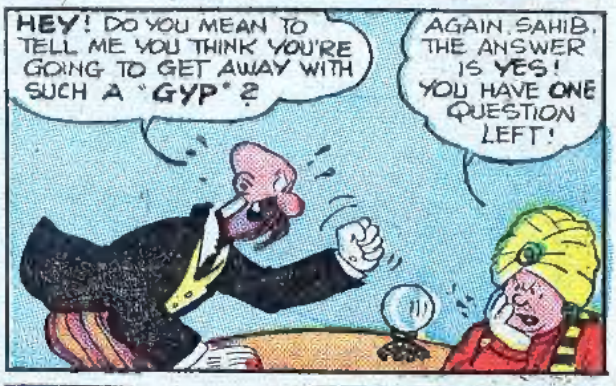

YOUR GARDEN PARTY FOR CHARITY IS A GREAT SUCCESS, DUCHESS, BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO FAT!
WHY, SLAT, HE'S HERE! DIDN'T HE TELL YOU?
FORTU TELLE


OH, YOU MUST SEE "SWAMI PHAT" MY ORIENTAL FORTUNE-TELLER! HE'S SIMPLY COINING MONEY, AND IT'S UNCANNY HOW MARVELOUSLY HE CAN ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS! I DO BELIEVE HE'S ACTUALLY PSYCHIC!!

WELL, FAT, YOU OLD RASCAL, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE GOING TO PUT ON AN ACT FOR THE DUCHESS OF DURHAM!
KINDLY BE SEATED, SAHIB, AND REFRAIN FROM SUCH UNDIGNIFIED FAMILIARITY!


OKAY, DUMBBELL, I'LL PLAY YOUR SILLY GAME WITH YOU! THERE'S MY MONEY— NOW SHOOT!
NO, SAHIB, YOU SHOOT!
SWAMI PHAT WILL ANSWER 3 QUESTIONS OF ANY KIND FOR $30.00


WHAT?!! THIRTY BUCKS FOR ONLY THREE QUESTIONS?— ISN'T THAT PRETTY STEEP EVEN FOR A CHARITY RACKET?
THE ANSWER IS YES, SAHIB! YOU HAVE TWO QUESTIONS LEFT!!


HEY! DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET AWAY WITH SUCH A "GYP"?
AGAIN, SAHIB, THE ANSWER IS YES! YOU HAVE ONE QUESTION LEFT!

HMM! ONE QUESTION LEFT, EH? OKAY, SWAMI,— HERE IT IS!!!

WHAM BAM!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?

# HERE IT IS, KIDS . . . THE BIG FAT AND SLAT "GAG" CONTEST!

You young cartoonists and gag-writers have been sending us so many swell ideas and suggestions, that we decided to have **ED WHEELAN** . . . the originator of your hilarious comic friends, **FAT AND SLAT** . . . select the best jokes sent in, and illustrate them the way he does his own gags! And we're going to reward the originators of the funniest ideas with

## FIFTY GREAT BIG PRIZES!

The **Grand-Prize** . . . for the joke selected as the very best . . . consists of Twenty-five Dollars in Cash, a free one-year subscription to Fat and Slat, and the original full-page, black-and-white illustration of the winning gag, drawn by Ed Wheelan himself! **Second-Prize** consists of Ten Dollars in cash and a free one-year subscription to Fat and Slat! **Third-Prize** consists of Five Dollars in cash and a free one-year subscription to Fat and Slat! The next ten prizes, for the Fourth to the Thirteenth best gags, consist of free one-year subscriptions to Fat and Slat! And the next thirty-seven prizes, for the Fourteenth to the Fiftieth best ideas submitted, consist of free copies of one issue of Fat and Slat! The names of all Prize-Winners, together with the first Three prize-winning gags . . . illustrated by Ed Wheelan himself . . . will appear in **Fat and Slat No. 4!** Fat and Slat No. 5 will be distributed to all those winning free copies, and free one-year subscriptions will begin with the same issue!

In order to be eligible for the 50 big prizes, you must follow these simple rules:

1. Keep the gag as short and simple as possible, as if you were telling it to us directly.
2. Both **FAT AND SLAT must** take part in the gag . . . and the only other character who **may** appear is their dog, **BIG SHOT.** It is not necessary for **BIG SHOT** to appear, however.
3. You may send in as many gags as you wish, but each gag must be written on a separate sheet of paper, and your full name and address must appear at the top of each page.
4. Write legibly. If **we** are unable to read your gag you won't have a chance to win.
5. In the event that the same prize-winning gag is submitted by two or more people, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. Entries should be addressed to:

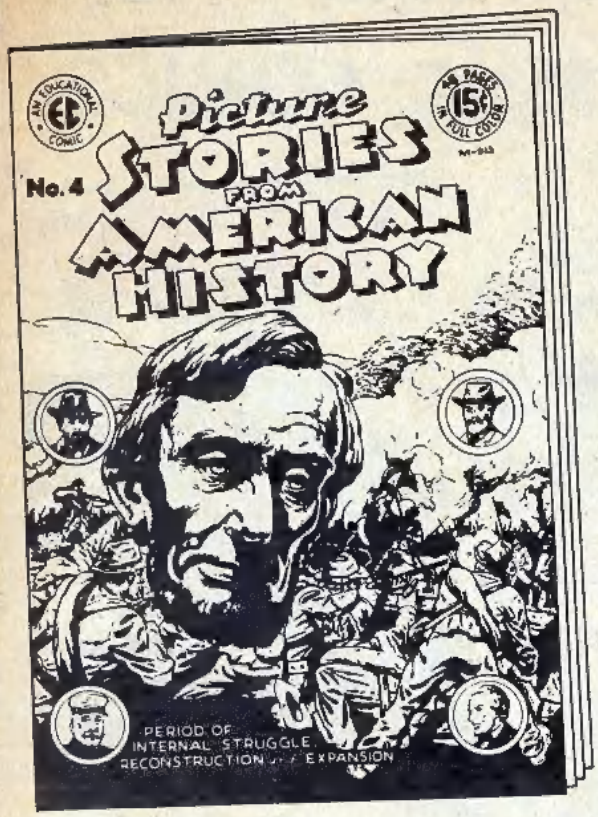
   **ED WHEELAN**
   **c/o FAT AND SLAT**
   **225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N. Y.**

7. All entries become the property of the Publishers of the **FAT AND SLAT COMIC MAGAZINE.**
8. The decision of the judges will be considered final.
9. **ALL ENTRIES MUST BE POSTMARKED ON OR BEFORE MIDNIGHT, OCTOBER 1, 1947.**

Remember to look for **FAT AND SLAT No. 4** at your favorite newsstand . . . it will carry the names of all Prize-Winners, plus the full-page, full-color illustrations of the first **THREE** prize-winning gags! So get those entries in early, for the . . . .

## FAT AND SLAT "GAG" CONTEST!

# NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

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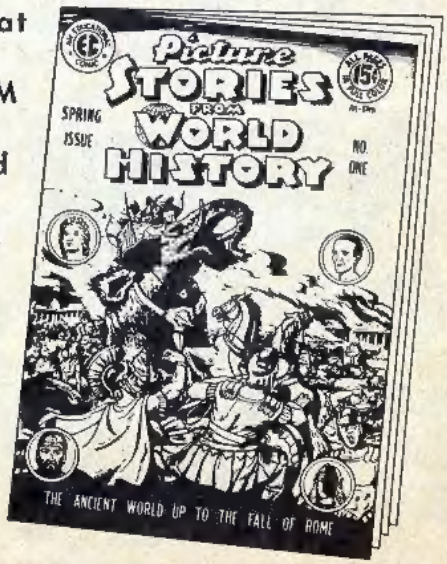

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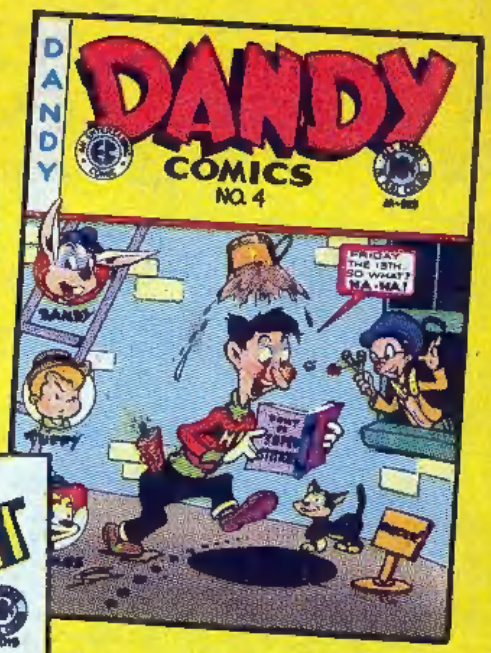

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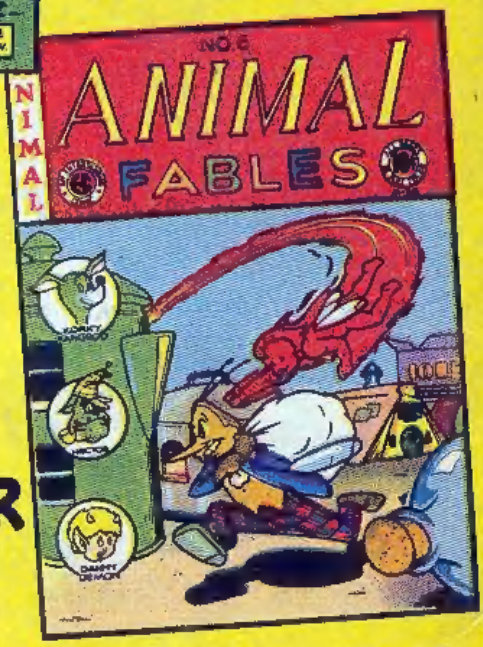
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